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THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

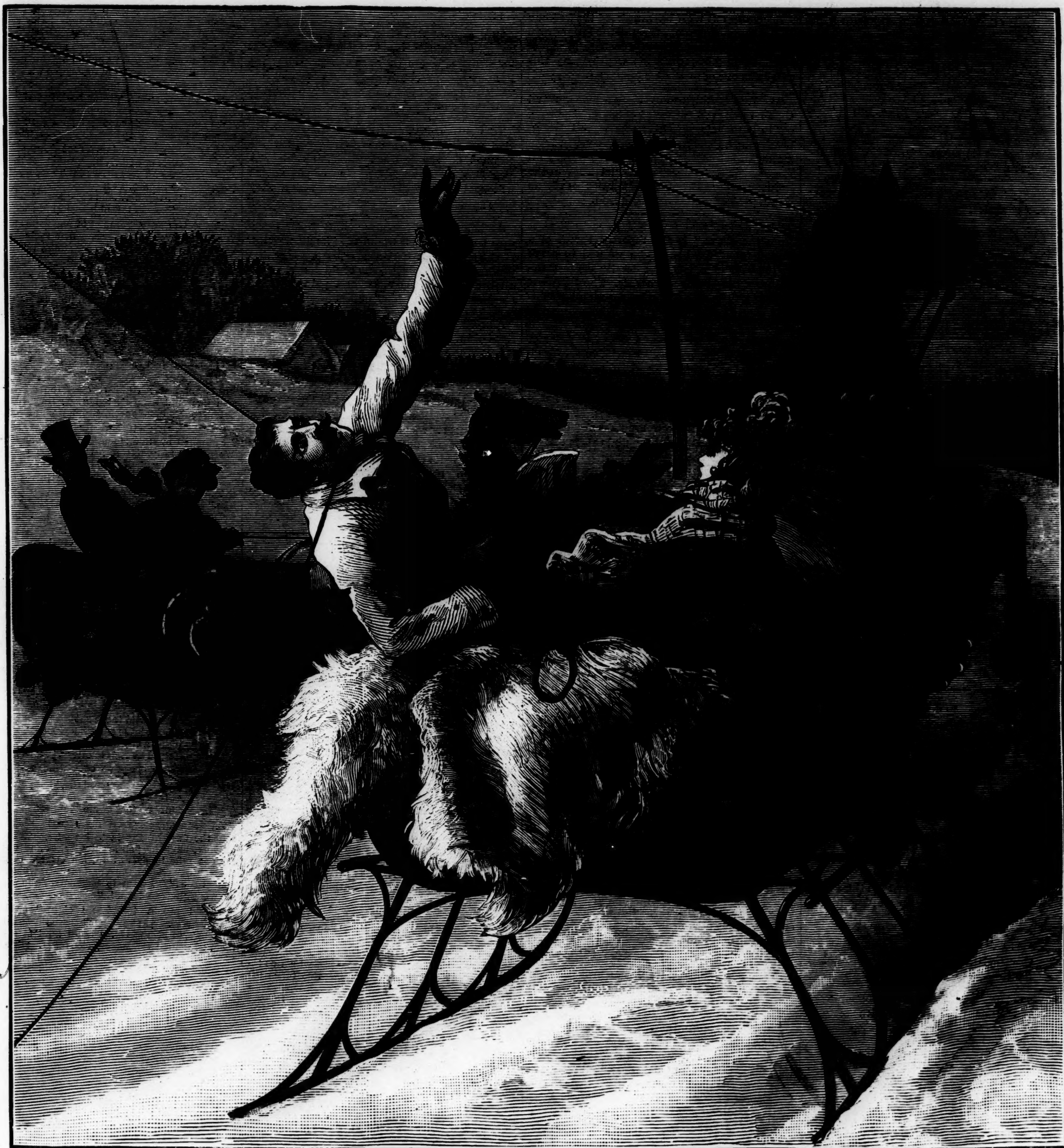
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1884.

VOLUME XLIII.—No. 340.
Price Ten Cents.



HE DIDN'T PASS THE WIRE.

THE CURIOUS ACCIDENT WHICH PUT AN END TO A BRUSH ON THE ROAD AND COST A NEW YORK SPORT THE SUPPERS.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, March 29, 1884.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE POLICE GAZETTE
AND
Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings
ARE THE ONLY PAPERS
PUBLISHED BY RICHARD K. FOX.

The public is warned against purchasing poor imitations of these acknowledged greatest sporting and sensational journals of the world. The only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX are the above. Buy them, and you will not be deceived or disappointed.

DON'T miss No. 52 *Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings*.

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, David Davis dislikes dancing.

THE only Jewels Nat Goodwin does not care for are carbuncles.

DENIS KEARNEY would like to run for President. Is it possible?

A BROOKLYN barber has been shaved of \$5,000 in a breach of promise suit.

ENGLAND is commencing to get in her big ticks on the Egyptian rebels.

LIEUT. DANENHOWER has frozen on to a bride. Ah! those Arctic heroes.

THE Queen of Ashantee wears coral jewelry. This is not from choice, however.

THERE are 600 Baptist churches in South Carolina. There are two Cashes there, also.

ANOTHER strike of coal-miners. Pooh, pooh! they will soon be starved into submission.

As if Joseph was not enough, Mrs. Cook is now preparing to go on the lecture platform.

THE arrest of the fire-eating colonel at Cheraw, S. C., was a first-class case of Cash on delivery.

THE Brooklyn bridge will be free when the ferry companies are willing that it shall be so.

A GREAT pictorial supplement will be presented with No. 52 of *Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings*.

PRINCE BISMARCK has arrived in Berlin for the spring, and Berlin is consequently unhappy.

KEELY is said to have obtained his idea for his new perpetual motor from the Fitz-John Porter case.

It is hugely satisfactory to be informed through the cable that Gladstone wore a new hat yesterday.

YOUNG AMERICA to the front once more. Another band of boy-bandits has been rooted out on the West side.

THE Thirteen Club has reached the third year of its existence, and comes up smiling in the face of superstition.

THERE is a deadlock in the peanut market. It is nothing to the deadlocks the peanut has created in the human stomach.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who is about played out in London, is coming to America again to make some more money out of us.

LAWRENCE BARRETT has had a bust of himself made in bronze. The representation of his cheek is said to be particularly natural.

By all accounts, the members of the Stock Board of this city need a special police force to keep them from hazing one another to death.

THE elevated roads committed a couple more murders last week. Isn't it about time to hang a locomotive or send a car to State Prison for life?

WHILE our scientists are squabbling as to whether water-gas is poisonous or not, it goes on killing more people than whisky gets away with.

AN actor in Chicago has been arrested for swindling. He is less fortunate than most of his fellow-professionals. They are not generally caught.

A PHILADELPHIA tailor announces that he makes pantaloons for a number of ladies. We see no reason why he should not if the ladies don't object.

THE dark suspicion that Oscar Wilde is the original and only missing link is apparently confirmed by the fact that he is passionately fond of peanuts.

NAT GOODWIN has discovered a new means of advertising. It is to get so sick that you can't act. As an advertisement it works all right, but we can scarcely see where the money comes in.

It is down South, where the POLICE GAZETTE is considered demoralizing, that a desperado and cold-blooded murderer like old Cash, of South Carolina, is regarded as a high-toned gentleman, and don't you forget it, sir.

AN editor out West has murdered the foreman of his composing-room because the latter drove him violently insane with demands for more copy. A jury of journalists would bring this case in as one of justifiable homicide.

SALMI MORSE turns out to be a bigger fraud than he was even suspected of being. His wife, out in California, says his name wasn't Morse, but Moses, he was never a monk, never in Jerusalem, and stole the "Passion Play" from an English magazine. If Salmi had known the showing up he was going to get after death he would probably have refrained from suicide.

"I'll dissect that body if I have to steal it from the grave," is the reported threat of a Philadelphia sawbones who wanted to carve up the body of a boy monstrously against the wishes of the bereaved parents. The bereaved parents will do well to lay in a supply of shot-guns against that enterprising medical man at once.

THE attempted burglary in the Sloane flats shows how unsafe life and property are even in a great city where a man is surrounded with safeguards. If ever a criminal deserved hanging the ruffian negro Williams does. There are degrees of brutality our laws do not provide an adequate punishment for, and this is one of them.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to inquire how he can get an oil spot out of his Sunday coat. The POLICE GAZETTE scientist says that an infallible method of eradicating grease or stains from clothing is to apply kerosene, and lay the stained garment on a hot stove. The insurance companies do not approve of this plan, but it has never been known to fail.

A REFORM in the admission prices to baseball games is now in order. Twenty-five cents should be the standard price of admission to all exhibition games. The managers of the numerous clubs should make a note of this fact. There is no match ever played that a spectator receives the value of fifty cents from, and don't you forget it.

NEXT to being a Vanderbilt it must be the financial cheese to work for a baseball club. Hugh Daily, the Cleveland pitcher, has been engaged by the Chicago Union Club at a salary of \$3,000, and Gross, of Philadelphia, who will catch for Daily, is to be paid \$2,400 for his season's work. In a country where it is proposed to cut down the salaries of the school-teachers these figures are significant.

A SUICIDE in Colorado left the following affidavit to save the coroner's jury trouble:

DENVER, March 6, 1884.
I, J. G. Moore, being perfectly sane, do take my own life. Being tired of this life, I thought I would step down and out.
J. G. MOORE,
735 Waverly,
Denver, Colo.

2 o'clock—time is up.
In spite of this, however, they brought in a verdict: "Died by a visitation of God."

THE biggest skin in ticket speculating yet known in the voluminous annals of theatrical swindles is that worked by Mapleson in San Francisco. If the reports from there are correct, the management of the opera deliberately fleeced the public by putting all the seats in the hands of the speculators, and forcing the people to buy them at a colossal advance. The San Franciscans were so hard up for opera that they hit right along. The scheme would not have worked here, where, instead of getting a premium for his tickets, Mapleson couldn't give enough of them away to half fill the Academy, even on Patti's nights.

No. 52, the anniversary number of *Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings*, will have the finest supplement of its kind ever given away with any paper anywhere.

A GERMAN authoress, who must be hard up for something to do, is translating the Queen's book into the vernacular of the great European rival of the American hog.

FRESHMEN and sophomores at Cornell who have no taste for athletic exercise are grumbling in the papers at compulsory gymnastic work. It is only another case of sour grapes.

A PHILADELPHIA judge recently gave an alleged intelligent jury a setting out for rendering an outrageously unjust verdict. But the verdict went on record all the same.

A FELLOW who committed suicide here last week left the following epitaph, which is far too good to be lost:

"Wanderer, stay and weep!
Here lie my bones;
I wish they were yours."

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL turned out a hundred and forty-nine licensed carvers and manglers of the human form divine last week. Now look out for a terrible increase in metropolitan mortality. Doctors must live, you know, if the public does die.

THE death of Ben Thompson at San Antonio, Texas, was as desperate as his life had been. It takes Texas, where they are too pious for the POLICE GAZETTE, to furnish men with the conveniences for dying with their boots on, and to provide the men to do the dying.

THE Illinois Central Railroad has refused to give \$800,000 for the property in which the grounds of the Chicago Baseball Club was located. The result is that the ex-champions will again occupy the grounds on which they have gained victory upon victory.

AN actress has been arrested here for being drunk in the streets up town. She deserved it. If she had stuck to Union Square, where the profession is privileged, she could have soaked all the beer on the block and painted Fourteenth street red without molestation.

A STORY is going the rounds of the papers of a man who talked thirty hours about himself. From all the internal and external evidences of the report the hero of this unprecedented feat of endurance is supposed to have been the great and only Charles Gayler, author of Joe Emmett and Jalma.

MRS. LANGTRY's play-bills are decorated with the British coat-of-arms. Mrs. Langtry is very kind thus to let the world know she is not an American. If she would only invent some method of advertising the fact that she is not an actress, it would save the public considerable of the money it spends to find it out.

POOR FELLOW!

About the meanest book we remember to have ever read, is the one just published over the name of Queen Victoria. It is a big thing to be a queen if you hanker after seeing yourself in print. Her title is the only recommendation the Queen of Great Britain's last literary effort had to a publisher's consideration. Yet there are thousands who will devour it and gush over it and consider themselves in luck to be permitted to stuff their empty skulls with the flabby silliness poured out by a woman who happens, by accident, to wear a crown.

11 March 1884
RAHWAY N J

To the Proprietor of The POLICE GAZETTE

The enclosed remarks appeared in yours of the 15 March (inst). In reply I must suggest to you that "the grapes are sour."

Please publish this and oblige an englishman who does not like to see his QUEEN disparaged & who is not afraid to sign his genuine name which is

JOSEPH REDDING

WORLDLY SENSE.

The New York *World* has talked some cold sense about libel suits and fanaticism. Apropos of ourselves it says:

The Iowa conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has fulminated a "whereas" and a "resolved," the gist of which is that the publication of "such papers as the POLICE GAZETTE and the *Fire-side Companion* is a crime against heaven." But why this indiscriminacy? Let the Iowa conferees go to, go to! The proprietor of the *Fire-side Companion* is a member of Rev. Dr. Hall's church, and publishes in that lurid periodical every week a verbatim report of Mr. Talmage's sermons. As to the church that Mr. Fox attends we know nothing.

Concerning the libel suit of Capt. Duncan, against the *Times*, the *World* observes:

This twelve-cent verdict ought to discourage the bar-trout attorneys and the volkish slysters, who make a business of harassing newspapers with libel suits. A certain class of lawyers have an idea that a libel suit against a newspaper is not only a sure road to profit, but fame as well. As a matter of fact, the little glory they generally achieve in this line is gained at the expense of their clients, and it is strange that men who have grievances against newspapers do not pause and reflect before sailing into litigation under the pilotage of the professional libel lawyers.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit
Culled from Many Sources.

A LONG-FELT want—a tramp.

THE real die museum—the morgue.

"FAINT heart never won fair man," is the way the girls write it in leap year.

"ELLA" wants to know if we can tell her what the Knights of the Bath are? Usually Saturday nights, dear.

MANY a young man has learned, to his sorrow, that it is easier to pop the question than to question the pop.

A LUDICROUS spectacle generally happens after a husband has filled up his snuff-box out of his wife's box of face powder.

"COME, take a dry punch with me," said one friend to another. "No, thank you," was the reply: "I saw Sullivan on his first night."

"I COULD but love thee when I saw thy face," writes Lilla Cushman. We thought you acted rather queerly, Lilla. That is why we ran.

THE latest new song is, "Papa's Home Tonight." It will be sung by young ladies to their beaus, as a gentle hint that there is danger ahead.

THE average citizen wants a lock with four keyholes. Unless the average citizen has improved much of late, one keyhole is usually about all he can find.

OUT West when a girl wants a male admirer to go home she takes down her back hair. In Philadelphia she merely says: "I hear pa coming down the stairs."

"HOME is the place where men are molded," writes a philosopher. And he might have added "sometimes with the same rolling-pin with which pie-crust is shaped."

WHEN one sees a pretty society belle showering impassioned kisses upon the nose of her pet poodle it does make one ready to howl for a \$500 tax on dogs and no mistake.

PLEASE give us a rest

On Minister West.

As for Hewitt, we don't care a cuss.

To Senator Vest

We think 'twould be best

To refer this nonsensical fuss.

FROM the way some young women spread perfumery over themselves when their beaus are around one would judge that they thought "Love went where it was sent."

THERE are two mysteries which a man should never seek to unravel. The first is—what his wife really thinks about him, and the second is—what sausages are stuffed with.

A YOUNG wife but recently married is rapidly learning the art of cooking. She has already learned that it isn't safe to use the naked hand in feeling if the griddle is hot enough to bake cakes.

WHEN Charley went to see his best girl and her father bounced him through the front door, he said he would keep his temper on the girl's account, but he could not help feeling somewhat put out.

A FARMER's wife "wants to know if we can recommend anything to destroy the 'common grub.' We guess the next tramp that comes along could oblige you, if the family can stand your cooking."

TRANSLATED: She—"Dearest husband dear Otto, I love thee indeed too much; there hast thou a kiss." He—"Very fine, Marie! But now at the last of the month I cannot for thee a new seal saque buy."

SPRING has come!

Hark the lowing herds!

List! the warbling birds!

Well, we have harked and list'd, but no bovine murmur, neither a warble has yet reached our ears.

"MARRY me, beloved," implored the gilded youth, on his knees, "and your pin money shall be a thousand dollars a day." "Bah!" she replied, contemptuously, "what's that? Am I not a prima donna?"

"No, I don't object to the smell of a cigar," said a widow to her lover. "It reminds me of dear John, who declared that although he didn't like the taste of tobacco he had to smoke to keep the moths out of his mouth."

At a hotel table sat

Bridget bride and bridegroom Pat,

While a city dweller he

Helped himself to celery.

Bridget's eyes with wonder grew:

"Paddy," whispered she, "lunk you

At that baste across the way

Attin' up that swate bookay."

A PRECAUTIONARY measure: "My dear," said the Czar of Russia to his wife, "you will give orders to have the palace gates locked and the streets for one mile in every direction cleared of people." "Certainly," replied the Czarina; "but what are you going to do?" "I want to look out of the window to see what kind of a day it is."

"GIVE me a telephone cigar," said Hon. Thomas Warner, as he stepped up to the stand at Pat Murphy's, in New street. "What kind of a cigar is that?" inquired the unsuspicious Pat. "One of the kind that you smoke in New York and they can smell in Brooklyn," was the answer. Hon. Thomas was carried out of New street in an ambulance.

PATTI cake, Patti cake,

Mapleson man;

Pat it and pat it

As fast as you can.

Make all the money the fools will pay,
Never restrain them, but give them their way—
And after the opera rage is o'er
The red flag will flutter o'er many a door.

"Ah, old fellow," said a gentleman, meeting another, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife." "I have, indeed," was the reply; "she is so accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art; at home in science—in short, at home ever—here, except—" "Except what?" "Except at home."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Skippings and Trippings of the Gilded Darlings of the Footlights.

Abbey's Nerves, Aimee's Stockings, Lou Harrison's Honeymoon, and Mary Anderson's Biography.

SHERIDAN.—Wm. E. Sheridan, having made a lot of money on the Pacific Coast, is coming back East to get rid of it.

GROVER.—"Old Fel" has just finished a new play, entitled "Blind Man's Luck." The luck consists in calling the turn every time.

RAYMOND.—John T. Raymond intends to mind his own business next season. That is, he won't let Brooks & Dickson attend to it for him.

PINERO.—Before coming out here Pinero, the champion dramatist failure of the world, is going to have one more chance with a new comedy.

CAMPBELL.—"My Partner" is to be produced in the Globe theatre in London. It will be interesting to see how far the Campbell "boom" will go in England.

RIGL.—Emily Rigl has added the fainting-on-the-stage gag to her repertory. It always brings down the house and wins an extra paragraph in the newspapers next morning.

LOTTA.—Lotta is playing to moderate business in London. If she had had Ed. Kilder to manage her, instead of Harry Jackson, she would have made a very different showing.

BELGARDE-SALVINI.—Adèle Belgarde is to be married, so they say, to young Alessandro Salvini, who is so execrable an actor that his father is reported to have disinherited him.

IRSCHICK.—The German actress who staggers under this extraordinary name, is an Austrian Catholic, and always makes the sign of the cross every time she goes on the stage.

ABBEY.—Poor Henry Abbey was confined to his room for a week in Baltimore, with nervous prostration. No wonder! The POLICE GAZETTE warned him to look out months ago.

ROCHE.—Augusta Roche has just recovered \$183.32, from Jim Barton, for salary due. That is, she has got a judgment for the amount. Barton does not seem to be at all discomfited by the fact.

KNIGHT.—George Knight has got a new play, entitled "Max Lindermann, M. C." Knight seems to be rather losing his grip this season. The so-called "Dutch drama" is pretty well played out, anyhow.

FERGUSON.—Will Ferguson has left the "Friendly Tip" combination. William is the ideal dude in private life, and it is astonishing that he didn't make an immense hit in the part with Kelly's company.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth is said to be the very latest victim of the terrible theatrical malady known as the big head. He won't talk with newspaper men, and affects the society of millionaires exclusively.

MORSE.—It has come out in evidence, as the lawyers say, that Sarah Morse used to keep a chop-house on Broadway, entitled "His Lordship's Larder." It is scarcely necessary to add that it was an utter failure.

DREW.—Mrs. John Drew is not going to support Joe Jefferson this year. Jefferson thinks she drew more salary than she earned. Joseph is wrong. She was one of the features of the cast—and about the biggest.

CAMPANINI.—Poor old Campanini's voice is an utter wreck. Mapleson chuckles so amicably when his late leading tenor is mentioned, that the fond and faithful Chawles thinks it must end in the Guv'nor's apoplexy.

HAMLET.—They have forbidden the production of "Hamlet" in Russia. It is hard to see why, unless some Russian official was so unfortunate as to have undergone a performance of the part by Foote, the tragedian.

DOWNING.—R. L. Downing, one of the most successful of "mashers," for whom Mary Anderson is said to have entertained the most affectionate feelings, gets married shortly. The bride is a Miss Millspeigh.

MEYNALL.—The Hanlin Brothers are managed by a nice, dapper little Englishman named Meynall. He is a vast improvement on the long-eared and long-shanked person by the name of Pettitt, who was his predecessor.

AIMEE.—The paragraph that Aimee wears \$300 worth of stockings is still going its rounds with all the fidelity of a veteran. The fellows who sneer at it seem to forget that Aimee's wardrobe is her stocking trade.

VOETGLIN.—Voetglin, the scenic artist, has got back to California. He is now in Los Angeles. There is reason to believe that he will not go to San Francisco, where his name and signature are held in equal reverence.

LEVY.—One would suppose that Jules Levy, "the great cornetist," had had enough of law and lawyers, but he hasn't. His very latest suit is against one Allison, an Australian, for \$1,250, due to him by Allison in Australia.

SCOVILL.—The queer young tenor who was lucky enough to marry Miss Marcia Roosevelt, less flatteringly known as "Piggy," has been engaged by Mapleson, and will positively reappear on his native soil next season.

MANSFIELD.—The marvelous reduction in the circumference of Dick Mansfield's cranium has been at last explained. Richard is engaged to be married. It makes a difference, somehow, in what a man thinks of himself.

HILARIOUS HILARION.—Mr. Wallace McCrory, the tenor artist, who was bluffed off the Fifth Avenue stage lately, has excused his offense with a joke. "I got bounced," he says, "for singing in the wrong key—whis-key!"

ELEPHANT.—The salmoniers of Boston held a mass meeting lately, at which the scale of charges

was considerably increased in view of the extraordinary number of white elephants which will be needed by American circuses this year.

TEMPLETON.—It is rumored that Fay Templeton has been granted the divorce she asked for, and that she has another husband already in contemplation. It does look as if the greater part of actors' earnings went in marriage fees and alimony.

JAP.—The scheme to advertise the Japanese dancers by getting the Japanese Consul to protest against their appearance was a failure, and fell through most lamentably. The Japanese Consul is much too smart a person to be trapped quite so Japanese.

TATTOO.—The tattooed woman of the Baltimore Dime Museum has given birth to a child similarly adorned. This curious fact, if it is a fact, points out a short cut to the supply of the markets of the world with a full crop of genuine indecipherable tattoos.

BUNNELL.—George Bunnell has struck a profitable vein of business in which his great knowledge of the freak and curiosity business will come in handy. He is now the general manager and agent of all the principal dime museum attractions in the country.

POMEROY.—Louise Pomeroy is losing money in Australia. Her ex-husband, Brick, who, by the way, has never forbidden her to use his name, is making it hand over fist. Louise made a mistake, it seems to us, in giving Brick what the classics call "a dead shake."

RICE.—Mark Tapley Rice was so brimming over with jollity, last week, that he burst out laughing at regular intervals of ten minutes. Careful inquiry revealed the fact that he had lost a lot of scenery belonging to John F. Gorman, which had been ruined in a rain-storm.

GAYLER.—Jalma has turned in a small fortune to Charlie Gayler. Charles is a good-hearted fellow, what gruff old chap, and nobody will grudge him his profits—particularly when one recalls how much Joe Emmett has made out of "Fritz" and how little Gayler got for writing it.

GOLDEN-WILEY.—Dick Golden and Dora Wiley are both to return to this country in a few weeks. The report that Miss Dora's breadth of beam has increased will be received with some consternation by her admirers. Mr. Golden's comedy, however, is proportionately broad.

WALLACK.—Wallack has at last gone into the combination business. The old gentleman kicks like a mule at the stringent necessity to follow the theatrical fashions of the day—but he has tumbled at last. A "Wallack's Lady Clare Company" goes on the road immediately. Poor old Wallack!

BOSCH.—The latest stupidity set afloat by the New York correspondents of out-of-town papers (who are the most inextinguishable idiots in existence) is that President Arthur's son is engaged to a Miss McNulty, one of the choruses of the Bijou Opera House. There is no "Miss McNulty" in the chorus.

HARRISON.—Louis Harrison will probably be a very changed and subdued young person for the balance of his natural life. He has married Miss Emma Shultz, the soubrette of his "Skipped by the Light of the Moon" company. Let us hope that Louis will not skip by the light of the honeymoon.

TERRY.—The fair and physically frail Ellen Terry is working the "shum racket" for all it is worth. She goes into all the worst quarters of the towns she visits, leaving ball-poult packages of coal and sugar and other necessities of life. Dear generous gyrl!

MORTON.—A variety performer of this name, having been lashed by a St. Louis audience, for a ham-fisted, jumped off the stage into the audience, and began hitting his credit right and left. Mr. Morton had a chance, subsequently, to repent of his sensitiveness in the strict seclusion of the station-house "cooler."

COLOMBIER.—Marie Colombier, the Fat Woman, who hired Mr. Jehan Soudan, otherwise known as Sullen Johnny, to write "Sarah Barnum," is coming out to this country again. She is the star in "The Tales of Edgar Allan Poe." It is rather hard to comprehend the announcement, but we give it for all it is worth.

HILL.—The Skipper, an unquestionable authority on theatrical affairs, says that Barton Hill was cordially received by the San Francisco public last Monday. As Hill was visible on Fourteenth street on Tuesday, the transit between the two cities of San Francisco and New York must be more than rapid, nowadays.

PALMER.—Mr. A. M. Palmer, the most gentlemanly man who ever dipped into the dirty pool of New York theatricals is looking for a site in London on which to build a new theatre. If he gets one he will be cordially greeted by the British public as a valuable accession to the managerial ranks of the world's metropolises.

MODJESKA.—Mme. Chlabowski, better known as the "Countess" Helena Modjeska Bozenta, has quarreled, so it is said, with Maurice Barrymore, and shelved his strong play "Nadjezka." Inasmuch as the alleged Countess was utterly incompetent to impersonate his heroine, Barrymore gains rather than loses thereby.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry is not going to take her handsome incompetence to Australia. On the contrary, she is going home to hold Hengland to erect a theatre in London with her Yankee dollars. The POLICE GAZETTE announced this two months ago, and the morning papers have just tumbled to the fact that the P. G. is always right.

PASTOR-HARRIGAN.—Two of the pleasantest and most densely attended domestic entertainments given lately were those of Mrs. Tony Pastor and Mrs. Edward Harrigan. All the wits of the stage, a good many of the brightest and keenest of newspaper men, and some of the best people in town met on equal terms of jollity and good humor.

BARRETT.—Larry Barrett takes Louis James and Marie Hawthorne to England with him. Some of the London newspapers are preparing to give him a warm reception on account of the stupid "gag" set afloat accusing the Princess of Wales of an intention to "mash" him. Nobody with a grain of common sense believes Barrett had anything to do with the silly joke.

SWAIN.—Carrie Swain has obtained her divorce from her husband, Mr. Samuel, of the same distinguished cognomen. Mr. Swain was accused by his gifted and somewhat wilful wife of basely supporting a counterfeit Mrs. S. on the \$40 a week which the real owner

of that title sent him to spend in recovering his health. This is the latest theatrical divorce scandal in the profession. Next!

COLVILLE.—Uncle Sam Colville, whose head is pretty level, as a rule, and whose infirmities are all on the surface, has secured the best assistant for himself in the market in the person of Jack Rickaby. Rickaby made George S. Knight and helped Gus Williams more than anybody else ever did—with the usual results. Like Colville, Jack has got a pretty accurate opinion of actors and actresses.

LAURENT.—Henri Laurent has been "jugged" again. What he doesn't know about writs and orders of arrests, and bench warrants, and capias, and *ne exeat regnos*, and all that sort of thing, isn't worth knowing. He ought to be quite a legal authority by this time. Now, if somebody would only arrest the decay of his voice instead of arresting his person, what a Godsend it would be!

BERNHARDT.—Sarah Bernhardt has just confirmed the paragraph lately published in the POLICE GAZETTE as to her intention of returning to this country. She is utterly neglected by the fickle public of Paris, which has gone crazy over a Mlle. Marsy, who is not only quite as clever an actress as Sarah, but is young and beautiful as well—which Sarah isn't by the very longest of long shots.

FORTESCUE.—The jilted sweetheart of Lord Gumboll is to make a starring tour in this country. When she was here as a chorus girl at the Standard, she was regarded as about the most incompetent and uninteresting of the lot. But now that she has been "shaken" by a real live viscount, she will be a big "attraction," theatrically considered. If the "show" business isn't a purely "artistic" one, we should like to know what is.

CLAYBURGH.—Mr. Clayburgh, the fresh young ex-clothing establishment gentleman who married and managed Lillian Spencer, has shaken his company. It is only just to the company to remark that they shook him first. The POLICE GAZETTE declared some time ago that the alleged quarrel between the airy fairy Lillian and the festive Edward was a rank advertising dodge. Lillian, in a burst of confidence, has just admitted the soft impeachment. Theatrical morals and good taste!

ANDERSON.—"Our Mollie's" biography is to be published in London shortly. It is even betting that the twin facts of her being the daughter of a well-known actor and of her having gone on the stage about twelve years ago, will not be included in the romantic history. A real biography of her, while it would not fail to do her credit, would be very matter-of-fact and uninteresting reading. The incident of her early "backing," as a star, by the clothing house of Griffin & Co., would be especially interesting if properly told.

COREY.—"Dr." Corey, one of the most conspicuous characters in the underworld of New York, died last week. He was at one time a very successful actor. Then he "experienced religion," and became a Baptist preacher. He next took to driving fast horses, and thus made the acquaintance of Commodore Vanderbilt, who became his firm friend and introduced him to stock-gambling. The "doctor" also professed, at this time, a good deal of skill as a magnetic healer. He kept up his acquaintance with Vanderbilt, and made so much money, that not very long ago he purchased the Madison Square Garden.

STEPHENS-MATTHEWS.—"Pot" Stephens is said to have been reconciled to Brander Matthews. Matthews is the literary dude who wrote "Marjorie's Love," the latest failure produced in London, and "Pot" Stephens is the gifted young Briton who is responsible for "Virginia" and "Claude Duval." Stephens said that Matthews had stolen "Marjorie's Love" from one of his hitherto unpublished pieces. Matthews (who drives on theatrical matters in the Century) said he hadn't. It is hard to see how the two combatants could have been "reconciled" without leaving the unpleasant inference that one or the other of them was a tremendous liar.

LILY LANGTRY VERY ANGRY.

Because "A Horrid Sheriff" Seized Her Scenery and Some Stage Effects.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A little by-play occurred behind the scenes at the New Park theatre, this city, on the night of March 2, when Mrs. Lily Langtry's scenery and stage effects were seized by Manager John A. Stevens, who accused Freddy Gebhard's old mash of violating a matinee contract.

"I was really ill," said the Lily, "and forbidden by Dr. McBirney to appear, as he will certify. Nine appearances a week—six evenings and three matinees—are really to many, anyway."

"Both Mr. Stevens and Mr. Murtha were duly notified of my indisposition. They withdrew their advertisement and offered no objections. Afterward Mr. Stevens grumbled, because, he said, some ladies had come to the theatre expecting a performance, and he had been obliged to send them away. Nothing was said of any claim for damages until a big deputy sheriff came prowling back of the scenes."

"On whom shall I serve this attachment?" he asked. It was addressed to Mrs. Lily Langtry, a star actress, and commonly known as the Professional Beauty.

"Wasn't it real ungentlemanly of Mr. Stevens to say that of me? I think it was horrid of him." The beauty arched her fine eyebrows.

"Why do you wish to attach the scenery?" I asked. "Take this bracelet; it cost five hundred pounds," and the Lily pointed to a magnificent gold circlet studded with sparkling diamonds, that adorned her dainty wrist.

Mr. John A. Stevens alleged that Mrs. Langtry in her contract agreed to give two matinee performances during her week at the New Park theatre. She subsequently demanded that the Wednesday matinee performance be omitted, giving as her reason that the day would be Ash Wednesday, which she claimed to observe religiously. It was therefore agreed that the matinee performance should be given on Tuesday instead of on Wednesday. When the day in question arrived Mrs. Langtry refused to allow her company to appear, although Mr. Stevens had sold a large number of tickets of admission and reserved seats. The complaint alleges that Mrs. Langtry "attended a musical performance at Niblo's Garden on Wednesday afternoon, notwithstanding her professed religious principles." Mr. Stevens claims \$1,500 for damages sustained, to recover which amount, says the affidavit, he is about to commence an action in the City Court.

HIS HEART MISPLACED.

A Major Whose Seat of Love Is Under His Right Arm.

In room 110, of the St. Cloud Hotel, Philadelphia, there has lived for the past six years a major in the United States army, whose name is withheld, born with one of those remarkable malformations, which ever since medicine has been a science have puzzled the doctors. By a freak of nature his heart is placed on the right side of his body, and his lungs, liver and spleen are to a great extent removed from where they should be. He is a relative of the late Judge Asa Packer, well known throughout Philadelphia, and intimately acquainted in Macon Chunk and the adjoining counties, where his family move in high circles.

The Major discovered that his heart was different from other people's in 1881, although he had been carrying it about for thirty-three years prior to that date, and all that time it was undoubtedly in the same condition as it is now. Having some trouble with his lungs, he consulted Dr. J. T. Hampton, then of Twelfth and Arch streets, but now of 802 North Broad street. The doctor examined him, thumped him on the chest with his knuckles and fists, as all physicians do when diagnosing pulmonary complaints, and finally took his stethoscope from a drawer and placed it on the left side of the Major's frame to listen to the beatings of his heart. He strained his ears in vain.

"Great heavens, Major," finally exclaimed the gentleman of medicine, after groping about for a few minutes, "you don't seem to have any heart at all. This seems a bad case."

"Hold on a moment," said the Major, "I'm sure I've got one, for I've been in love eight times. Try the other side."

This Dr. Hampton did, and, to his amazement, discovered a heart four inches out of place, on the right-hand side. The beating could be best felt three inches directly below the pit of the right arm. It was found that the inside organs were correspondingly displaced. As the Major had never suffered from severe pneumonia or pleurisy, it was concluded that the malformation was congenital. The heart beat abnormally fast, and an undue appetite was developed in the patient. To remedy this latter symptom and the slight lung trouble, Dr. Hampton advised him to go to Europe. He was told that the misplacement of the heart was not inconsistent with perfect health, and that he would probably live as long as if he were constructed on the same principle as the general public.

A BURGLARIOUS DREAM VERIFIED.

Early one morning recently Mrs. Hampton, living in Atlanta, Ga., awoke from an unpleasant dream with a general feeling of fear upon her. Finding it increasing, she awoke her husband and asked, "Do you not hear something in the room?" "No," he responded, "but I have had a horrible dream. I dreamed that I was fighting with burglars, and was just coming off victorious when you awoke me."

"Well, I was dreaming about burglars, too," said Mrs. Hampton, and then she and her husband told each other their dreams. Neither found it possible to sleep again, and after much rolling and tossing Mrs. Hampton's attention was drawn to a window in the front of the house by a noise outside. Calling her husband's attention to it, Mr. Hampton grasped his pistol and without getting out of bed watched the window. In a few minutes the blind began moving, at first cautiously, and finally it was thrown wide open, revealing the face of a burly negro pressed close to the window-pane. Hampton was about to fire when the negro began to raise the window. Thinking he could get a surer shot by waiting, Hampton remained motionless until the darkey had begun climbing in. Then he raised himself on his elbow, and, in rapid succession, fired two shots at the negro, who uttered a terrible groan and fell backward out of the window. Believing he had killed the burglar, Hampton took his time in going to the window, but when he got there and looked out the negro was gone.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

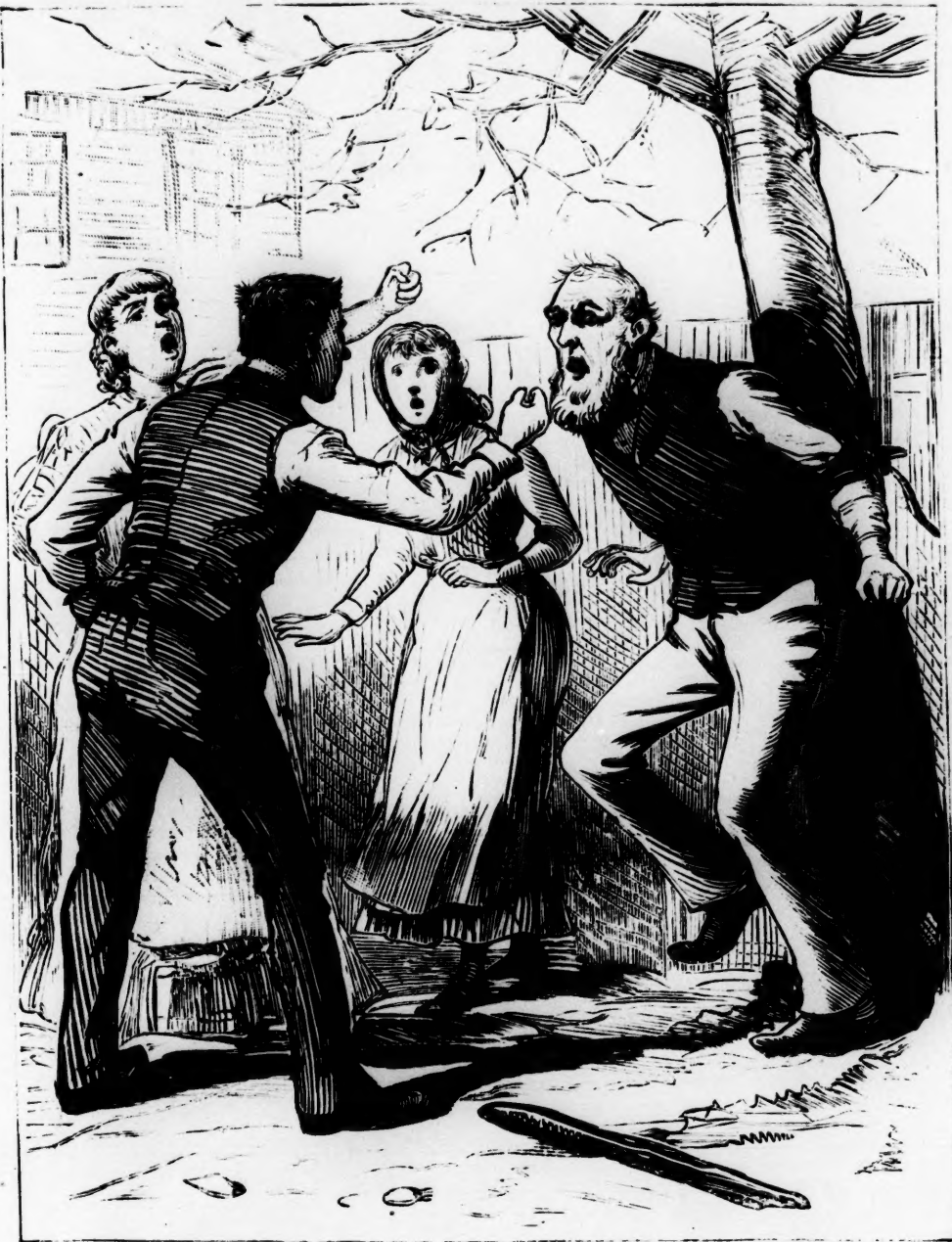
No. 49, out Saturday, March 15, contains: Gotham's Boy Brigands; amateur Jesse James whose depredations terrorize our suburbs; youthful Claude Duval; superbly illustrated. A French Flat Bandit; how Jesse Williams undertook to clean out his sweetheart's master's house; the daring burglary at the Sloane flats; illustrated and described. Misery Afloat; the story of a steamer voyage on an ocean steamer; brutality, tyranny and neglect; magnificently illustrated. Famous Sports of America; with portraits and records of Prof. Wm. Clark and Charles Johnston. Pestilential Puffs; how the tenement house cigar-makers spread disease and death; splendidly illustrated. Ballet Secrets; queens of the dance and rulers of hearts; Chapter II, the opera dancer who kept a French man-of-war at sea for six years. Women Who Fence; fair Amazons with whose affections no dude dare trifles. The Prompter; John McCullough and Rose Eytinge. The Pantomime; where the famous English entertainment originated and how it developed. On Der Square. A Pugilistic Drama; illustrated. Miscellany of the most superior and varied sort. Referee, Billboard, Prowler.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all news-dealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$6.00

CAPTAIN DEADWOOD JIM'S BAND.

A band of would-be cowboys, whose members do not average ten years of age, has been broken up in Franklin, Pa., by the spanking process liberally administered by parental hands. They had fixed their plans in a manner that would have done credit to the desperadoes of the West. They held their meetings, matured their plans, and a few days ago had everything in readiness for their departure. Their captain, familiarly called Deadwood Jim, gave the final orders. That they might have no cause to return, he said each member of the band must poison his mother. He promised to produce the poison and have it on hand the next day, when it could be divided. All the boys were to poison their mothers in the evening, and the morning was to find them far away.

No doubt they would have carried out their diabolical plot but for one small seven-year-old youngster, who was afraid his mother would suffer too much. The captain, to satisfy him, agreed to try the poison on the servant girl first, and if she died easily then the mother must follow. The servant girl happened to overhear the agreement, and informed the boy's parents. The result was that each particular member of the gang was interviewed with straps in the woodshed.



FAMILY TIES.

HOW THE WIFE, SON AND DAUGHTER OF AN OBSTREPEROUS HARLEM MAN WERE COMPELLED TO ARGUE DOMESTIC MATTERS WITH HIM.

A Brooklyn Scandal.

One of the latest sensations of the City of Churches is the arrest of a well-known society man, named Frank Wright Van Ness, on a charge of bigamy.

Up to four weeks ago Van Ness was in the habit of early every evening leaving his business as accountant for E. W. Hartwell & Co., of No. 28 West Twenty-eighth street, this city, and hurrying to his home at No. 31 St. James place, Brooklyn, where his bright-faced little wife and four prattling babes made him joyously welcome. But at that time he suddenly disappeared. After her husband had been absent for several days, Mrs. Van Ness saw him enter a saloon. He sat at a table opposite a gayly-dressed, dark-complexioned young lady.

"Bring dinner for



NELLIE COOLEY,

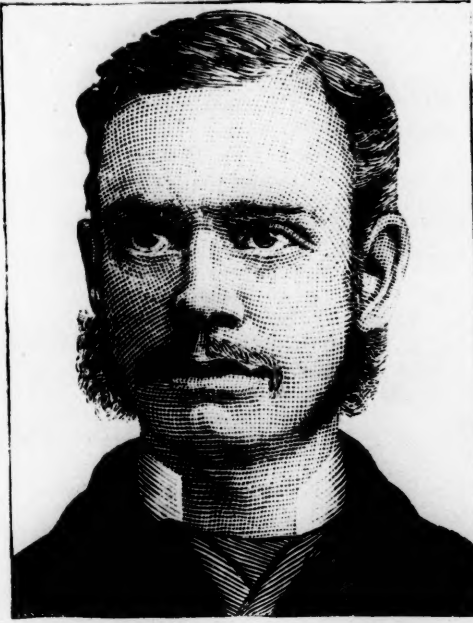
A WEALTHY YOUNG LADY OF WILKESBARRE, WHO HAS BEEN MISSING FOR THREE MONTHS.

two, and the best in the house," coolly ordered the young man, and then he began a chat with his evidently charming companion.

"You little minx, you've got my husband, and I want you to give him up at once!" was the exclamation that disturbed the couple, and caused a sudden dropping of knives and forks.

"Take your husband, if you want him," returned the usurping maiden; "I can pay for my dinner," and then there was an encounter of words that gave the unpleasantly situated Mr. Van Ness an opportunity to escape unnoticed. The angry women were then separated, the spirited Southern damsel stepping away over the prostrate form of her more tender adversary, who had fallen on the floor in a swoon.

Three days after this



FRANK WRIGHT VAN NESS,

A BROOKLYN SOCIETY MAN WITH MORMON PROCLIVITIES.



MISS LILA DIAZ,

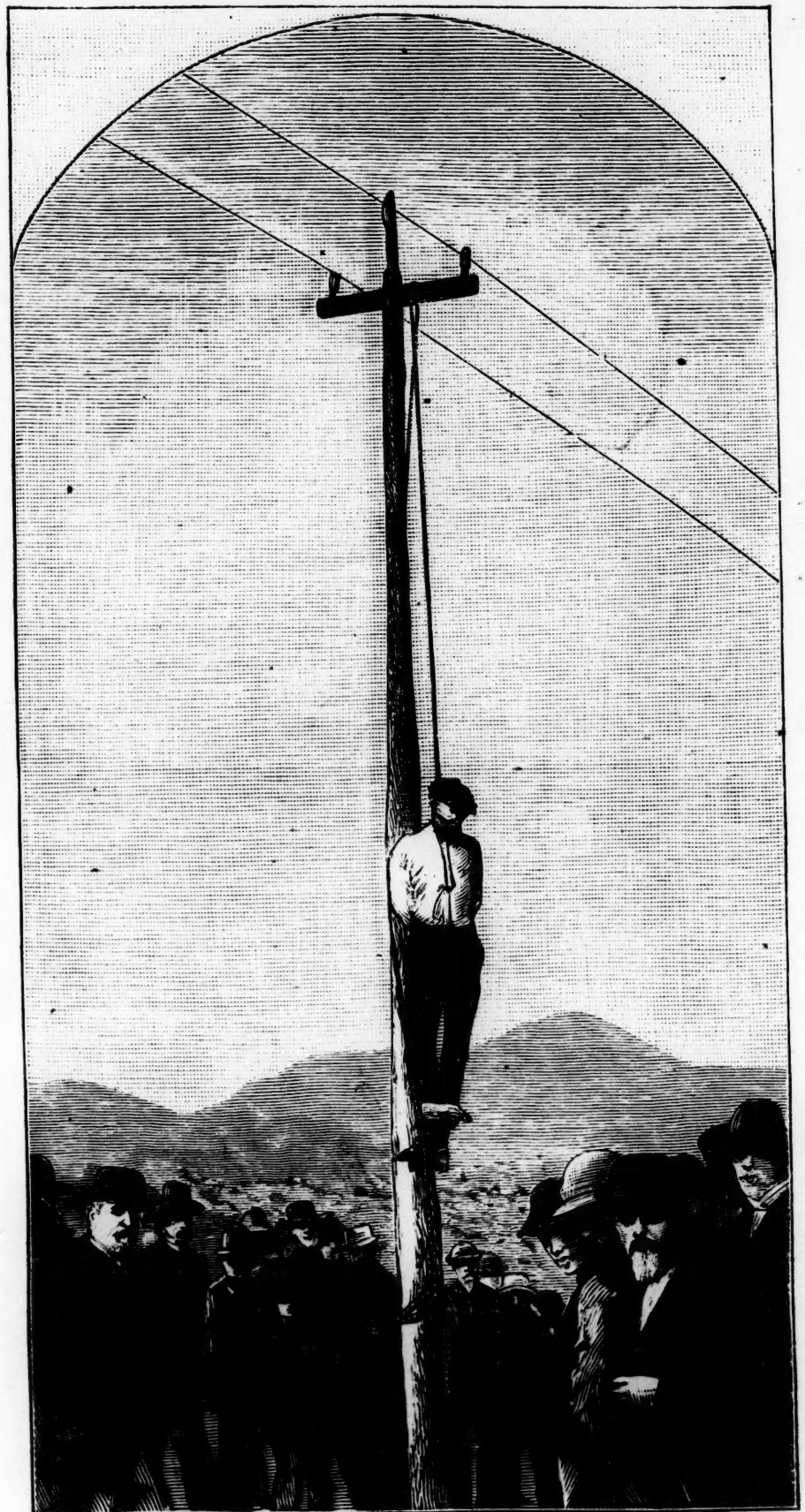
A SOUTHERN BEAUTY SELECTED AS FRANK VAN NESS' SECOND WIFE.

little episode, Van Ness was married to Lila Diaz, who is said to be a daughter of ex-President Diaz, of Venezuela. Van Ness, however, told Lila that he had been divorced.

The newly-married couple went to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Van Ness secured a warrant. The detective learned that Van Ness was stopping at a fashionable boarding-house, No. 1,209 Race street, Philadelphia, and arrived there at eleven o'clock at night. The detective was shown to the room occupied by the bridal couple. He found Lila smoking a cigarette,

while she reclined gracefully on an easy-chair. Justice Walsh committed Van Ness to jail without bail to await examination, and Miss Diaz was sent home.

WILBER BLACK, twenty-nine years old, whose character seems to be black, too, recently committed an outrage upon the four-year-old daughter of Samuel Pickering, at Houston, Ohio, using a knife to accomplish his purpose. He has been arrested, and is now in jail. He was threatened with lynching.



A SPEEDY DISPATCH.

THE HANGING OF JOHN HEITH AT TOMSTONE, ARIZONA, BY THE INDIGNANT CITIZENS OF COCHISE COUNTY.

(From a Photo by a POLICE GAZETTE Special Artist.)



GERTRUDE ASH,

THE PARAMOUR AND ACCOMPLICE OF JESSE WILLIAMS.



JESSE WILLIAMS,

THE BRUTAL NEGRO BURGLAR OF THE SLOANE FLATS, N. Y.

Up With the Flag.

It is a tradition of Williston Seminary, Vermont, that each class shall, in its middle year, raise its flag on the gymnasium tower. In accordance with this custom, after several unsuccessful attempts, '85 on Thursday night, the 28th of February, raised a very handsome flag, consisting of a blue field, upon which was a large old-gold '85, and in the upper left-hand corner, on an old-gold field, a blue W.

Students and faculty alike were taken by surprise when, on the morning of the 29th, they beheld the class flag floating on the tower 200 feet from the earth. All day Thursday, and during that night, the wind was blowing at such a terrific rate that the faculty relaxed their usual vigilance, thinking it impossible to accomplish anything in the face of such a gale.

The faculty, for unknown and probably groundless reasons, are opposed to the flag-raising, and have always done all in their power to prevent it, putting up iron doors, bars and bolts to close securely the entrance to the tower. If the



A SLEEPING SENTINEL.

HOW A GEORGIA FIRE-EATER LOST A VENUS BY SUCCEMBING TO THE INFLUENCES OF BACCHUS AND MORPHEUS.



GEORGE H. MILLS,

CONVICTED OF MURDERING HIS WIFE IN WILLIAMSBURG, L. I.

perpetrators are discovered they will suffer the full penalty of the law.

The complete success of the job would indicate that the same ingenious parties had been to work here who removed the clapper from the bell a few weeks ago, but no clues as yet have been discovered to either job, indicating that there are some expert cracksmen in Williston.

The young gentlemen, however, did not succeed in raising their banner without a little difficulty in another quarter, and that was from the students of other classes, but that



JAMES A. PARKER,

RECENTLY ARRESTED FOR MURDER COMMITTED IN WEST VIRGINIA SEVEN YEARS AGO.

was settled by a little friendly contest and a few knock-down blows. Class '85 is willing to meet the faculty in the same way.

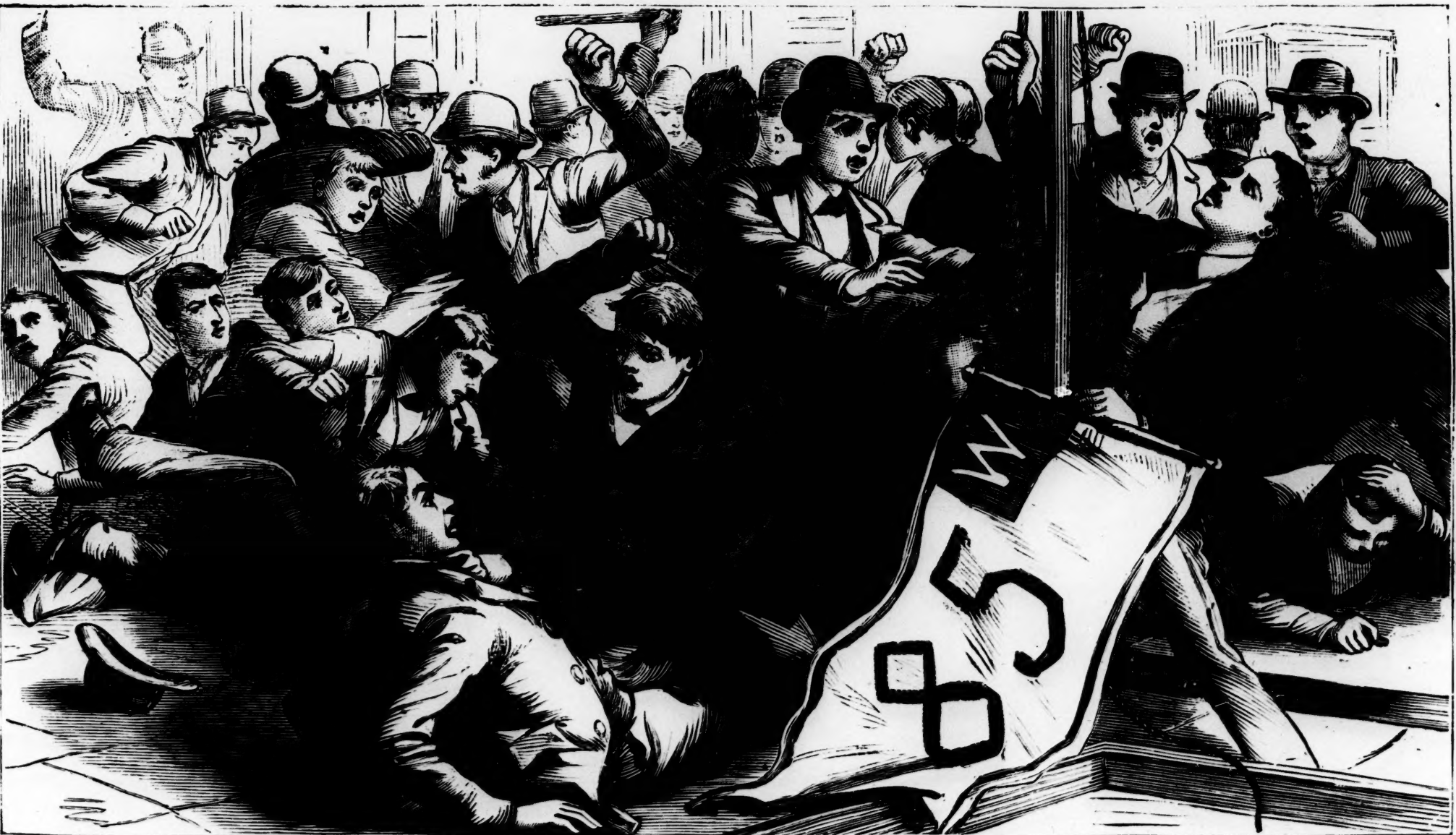
A Sleeping Sentinel.

For some months rivalry between Dud Mabley and Bird Mabley, two brothers, for the affections of Mrs. Judy McCook, a sprightly widow, has been the gossip of Pearson, Ga. To each she was equally sweet, and to each pledged her troth. The arrangement in each case was that the nuptials should be quietly celebrated, so as to be a surprise to the com-



GIUSEPPE GUIDICE,

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH IN KINGS COUNTY JAIL FOR MURDER.



UP WITH THE FLAG.

HOW THE CLASS OF '85, OF THE WILLISTON, VT., SEMINARY, RAISED THEIR STANDARD IN SPITE OF THE FACULTY AND RIVAL CLASSES.

munity when it happened. In this manner each one imagined himself to be the sole possessor of the widow's heart. It was arranged with Bird Mabley that Widow McCook should meet him at a certain point on Ocmulgee river, and enjoy the fruition of love's young dream. On the night in question Dud Mabley heard of the intended move, and went to the widow's house and besought her to come out and wed him. This she refused to do, and locked the front door. The disappointed lover, after filling himself with whisky and loading himself up like a perfect armory, sat on the doorstep and resolved to hold the fort until she should appear. When daylight came he gained admittance, but found that the lady was missing. She had escaped with Bird Mabley, who drove up with a wagon and quietly carried off the fair widow while Dud was under the influence of Bacchus and Morpheus. The two were married, and returning home later in the day, received the blessing of the watcher on the doorstep. The brothers are again friends, and the first boy is to be called Dud.

CONTRABAND NEWS

NO. VIII.

AFTER THE FREDERICKSBURG BUTCHERY.

More Muzzling of the Press, and More Printed Lies--A Reporter's Experience--How Heroes Were Made to Order--Seeking a Breakfast Under Difficulties.

The day after the escape from the Fredericksburg trap was a gloomy one indeed. The writer being conversant with only the details of what happened on the left of the army, where he had cast his own lot, does not pretend to describe the scenes of the crossing of the troops from Fredericksburg town on the night of the retreat, nor will he give attention to the rumors that prevailed of the confusion incident to the retreat, and the reported abandonment of large quantities of army stores. He writes only what he saw, experienced, or had means of immediately verifying, and the affairs of the right wing were out of his vision altogether--especially in the rush of exciting events that came on him so thickly in the few exciting hours of battle and retreat. This much he can say, however, in apparent verification of the aforesaid rumor. Three days after the battle, when we had settled down in camp for the winter at White Oak Church, the enemy made a display of many new white wall tents on the sloping hills on the other side of the river. It seemed they had enough of these comfortable fittings to establish the brigade staffs of their advanced corps in a comfortable style of field housekeeping to which the Johnnies were by no means accustomed. We don't know where they could have got such a camp outfit unless from our supplies. It was disloyalty to hint at such a thing, though, at that time. No one ventured to write it lest he should be branded as a Copperhead and be written down on the black-list at Washington. So the loyal lying or falsification of facts was kept up in even minor details of army events and the fortunes of war.

It remained for the political sneaks and their satraps to stamp out McClellanism from the army, and they began the day after the retreat. An opportunity was offered by the spirit of the soldiers.

The men were surly and uncomfortable.

"We've gone across the river and come back again," they growled. "What did we go across at all for?"

"Why, to bury some of McClellan's friends," was the bold reply that rang through the dripping bivouacs, and which was picked up eagerly by the police spies of the army and carried to headquarters.

No one ever knew how many men we lost in this foolish undertaking. The "loyal" stop was put on all the channels of information, and even the reports of the commanders were twisted and falsified to suit the policy of the authorities in Washington. It was the old story all over again. The public was to be blinded and deceived to the true state of affairs. The whole air was flavored with mendacity. Correspondents, prompt to take the hint from headquarters, gave a highly romantic account of the campaign, its objects, its achievements, and the heroism displayed in the battle in which it culminated. The retreat was referred to as a proof of consummate military genius, and the brightest and most admirable proof of military genius ever offered to plume the rhetoric of the historian to outdo itself in novelology and unprecedented raptures. So bold became the liars of the general orders, and so firm was their grip on the throat of the press, that finally they adroitly worked around to declare the battle an affair little short of a victory. There were hints that these bloody maneuvers were the result of wise forethought, and the hidden advantages, which were too important to be revealed to the public, would have a great effect in saving the Union. If you ventured to doubt these stories or to put in a word for the plain truth, you got a hint that your course was disloyal. If you persisted in it you were a marked man, and sooner or later would be railroaded by the high hand either out of the army or into a prison.

The Army of the Potomac was an admirable organization, and a gallant, but the most abused imaginable. It was made the means of elevating the officers who had the least courage and who made the least sacrifices in the field. It was a test of loyalty, the good grace with which you gulped down and assimilated the lie, and recognized the pretenders and skulkers as the true heroes of the war. The men who should profit by the war and who should reap all the honors from fields watered with the blood of really brave men, were named by the political powers in Washington, and the measure of praise to be awarded them was prescribed and exacted of correspondents and others. The writer has remarked that these fraudulent heroes figure to this day on the record enforced for them so brazenly, and that all the fraud generals are now rich and high, in truly loyal political position, while scarcely one of the genuine soldiers who boldly went to the front and did gallant work has ever received any recognition whatever.

As a specimen of the barfaced effrontery with which the sneaks who were working the loyalty scheme in the army managed their game, we instance the following: A reporter, who had crawled to the safe side of the river after enduring the discomforts of a rest in the mud and rain, undertook to write a letter of episodes to his paper--the Philadelphia Inquirer, we believe. He was careful to do all the grand details of army operations, and to subscribe to all the political lies insisted on by the rules of the army and the loyal men of Washington political circles. One of the Provost-marshal's spies looked over his shoulder and read a line in praise of some feat performed by a Pennsylvania colonel.

"Colonel Blank didn't command his regiment in that movement; you'd better cut that out," remarked the spy.

"But he did. I saw him. I was there," replied the correspondent.

"I tell you you are mistaken. He wasn't there at all, and if you're wise you'll not insist on writing that he was," persisted the Provost-marshal's man, significantly.

The bewildered reporter finally took the hint, acknowledged that he was mistaken and substituted the name of another officer more popular in Washington. True, this officer was detached at Aquia creek at the time, safely guarding quartermaster's stores, but he was promoted all the same, for his gallantry in the field, his record being suited by the lie written by the reporter under the thumb of the plotters. It was this way in all the operations of the army of the Potomac, and when we look back and recall the outrageous deeds of injustice to its gallant rank and file, and its true heroes of field and staff, we appreciate more than ever the pluck and real fidelity to the Union that kept it together and made it bear up against every crushing disaster and injustice.

What a confusion there was in the whole army the day after the retreat! The men had been hurried back over the bridges in the night without knowing where they were going. When they found time to reflect and discovered what dangers they had passed and what stupidity had characterized their handling, they were mad to the very verge of demoralization. During the first twenty-four hours after the return to the Falmouth side of the river, the army seemed more like a mob than a martial organization. Officers had lost their regiments in the dark, and brigadiers had strayed away from their scattered commands. Two days were occupied in getting the remnants together, and patching up a camp in something like military shape. The terrible downpour of rain assured the maximum of discomfort to the uneasy troops, and made the confusion worse than it had been.

The Southern residents were joyful, and made no attempt to conceal their gratification at the state of affairs. They all but laughed in our faces. This was the humiliation that the truly loyal howlers had brought on as gallant an army as ever faced a foe, and suffered from the heartlessness and hypocrisy of money-grasping knaves and pretended patriots.

Some of the incidents resulting from the wanderings of officers and men in search of each other, on the wretched day of Dec. 15, veiled on the comic. The writer met Col. Joe Hamblin, of the Sixty-fifth New York, a long, lanky, good-natured Cape Cod giant, who liked above all things a practical joke, and who could ordinarily detect a comic side to the most dismal combination of circumstances. This morning, however, he was not in a funny humor. Like the reporter, he was mad and hungry, as well as lost from his regular mess, not to mention the drenching he had undergone during the night, and was still submitting to. The pair decided to go in search of a breakfast, before wandering any further on the hunt for their lost headquarters.

Far back on the military road from Stafford Court-house they desired a fine house which had not, apparently, been approached yet by our hungry men. We rode up to it. There were no fences left about the building, the troops having used them to feed their camp fires weeks before, so we rode up to the porch. Before we could dismount a window on the ground floor was thrown open, and a middle-aged woman of severe aspect appeared thereat.

"What do you want?" she inquired, sharply.

"Breakfast," answered the Cape Cod Colonel.

"You can't have it."

"We'll pay well for it, in Yankee money."

"I wouldn't feed a Yankee on any terms. Get out," said the woman, viciously.

"But we're very hungry, and we will pay well."

"I don't care how hungry you are. Hope you'll starve, the whole lot of you. Don't you dismount here."

It was plain we couldn't wheedle, coax or frighten this she-devil into giving us breakfast, and Col. Joe realizing this, lost his temper, and retorted with the savage intensity of a hungry man:

"Madame, you presume on the privilege of your sex. If you were a man I would get off my horse and give you such a thrashing as you would remember all your life."

The Jezebel flared up at once. Her frenzy was unbounded.

"Oh, you would, eh?" she shrieked. "You're mad because I'm only a woman. It's men you want. Very well--my husband is across the river with the Southern army. Go right over there and you'll find him. What did you come back for if you wanted to fight men, and not women, you miserable Yankee villains!"

We saw the point at once. She had all the logic of the argument on her side. We put spurs to our horses and rode off, with her tirade ringing in our ears to the last moment.

We were satisfied to go without our breakfast after that. After Col. Joe had ridden well out of earshot, he held his sides and laughed heartily over the episode, for his was one of those genial natures that could enjoy a joke even when its point was directed against himself.

The woman had hit the mark exactly, and the rank and file who had such taunts cast at them, couldn't find any joke in it, either. How the army preserved its spirits and discipline under such ridicule and discouragements is a wonder. It deserved a better fortune from the first than to be made the plaything of patriotic (!) stock-gamblers who made profit and fame out of its sufferings, its humiliations, and its wasted blood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"NOW I WILL KILL YOU!"

De Witt Torrey is a well-known citizen of Middletown, N. Y., and an employee of the Erie Railway. He is a married man, but for some time past he has insisted that it was fore-ordained that he should marry a young lady of Middletown, notwithstanding his previous marriage, and he has obtruded his attentions on her on every possible occasion, and has written her two or three times a day on the subject of their marriage. Friends of both parties finally had a commission appointed to pass upon his sanity, and pending their examination and decision, no effort had been made to restrain him in any way. He attended to his work as usual. On Sunday, March 2, he attended the Free Christian church. The young lady was there in company with a man from Port Jervis. When church was out Torrey was lying in wait. He seized the young man, and, drawing a knife, exclaimed:

"You have been in my path too long, and now I will kill you!"

A struggle ensued between the two men. For a short time the young man prevented his insane assailant from using the knife, but before aid reached him Torrey forced him up against the side of the church, and held him there while he again raised the knife to strike. At that instant he was seized.

LONG-LOST NELLIE.

A Beautiful Wilkesbarre Girl Who Has Been Missing -- for Three Months.

[With Portrait.]

On Sunday night, Dec. 9, Miss Nellie Cooley, a young, wealthy and attractive lady, left her home, the elegant mansion of her grandfather, Mr. Nathan Rutter, on River street, Wilkesbarre, Pa. At what hour she left is not now known. Shortly after 10 she was seen preparing to retire. Since then no mortal eye, as far as can be learned, has seen her alive or dead.

The night was bitterly cold, and Miss Cooley was a young lady of delicate health. She had remained at home while the other members of the family, except one of Mr. Rutter's daughters, had gone to church. She appeared gloomy, but her companion succeeded in leading her to more cheerful talk, and when the family returned she had apparently regained all her cheerfulness. Before retiring she took her usual affectionate leave of the family. In the gray light of the following morning her room was found empty and her bed undisturbed. A note addressed to Mr. Rutter said briefly:

"I can no longer be a burden to my friends, and so go to seek rest in oblivion. NELLIE."

The river was the first thought, and, as rapidly as orders could be executed, drags and boats were procured, and dozens of eager workers dotted the river surface and the banks. Meanwhile an examination of the house revealed some perplexing facts. She had left the house with no clothing but her night-clothes and a shawl, and with only a thin pair of slippers on her feet. Her gold watch was missing, and rings, necklaces and other valuable jewelry had also disappeared. Her purse was left behind, but it was impossible to say whether she had taken any money, as she had always an abundance with her.

The search was as thorough as money and the ready services of dozens of friends could make it. Detectives questioned people up and down through the city, and searching parties scoured the country by day and night. The river was dragged ceaselessly the whole of that week, and on the last two days a corps of experienced divers from New York explored its bed and were only stopped by the thickening ice on the Saturday following her disappearance. But the search was vain; not a single scrap to indicate her whereabouts could be found.

Then strange rumors were put in circulation, and one after another they were exploded.

Meanwhile the police of every town in the State, and many without it, where she had friends, were notified by wire, and circulars offering \$1,000 for her recovery, dead or alive, were scattered broadcast from New York to San Francisco.

Gradually, however, a settled conviction forced itself into the minds of nearly all that the girl had found the oblivion she sought in the waters of the Susquehanna, and was locked from sight and recovery beneath the ice-bound surface. In the early part of this month the river rose rapidly. The ice gorged, and for a time the secret remained deeply hidden as ever. The rising waters eventually swept the river clear, and for days watchers along the shore kept a lookout for any trace of the missing girl. None were seen, and to-day her relatives are as much in the dark as ever regarding her fate. Either she never entered its waters, or the remains have been swept away unnoticed to the all-concealing sea.

The following circular has been published:

\$1,000 REWARD.

Left her home in Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Sunday night, Dec. 9, Miss Nellie Cooley.

She is about twenty-five years of age; 5 feet 3 or 4 inches high, slight build, fair complexion, light-brown hair and brown eyes, heavy dark eyebrows, teeth perfect and regular. Is supposed to have worn when she left a gray flannel wrapper, with two rows of red braid down the front; black cloth slippers lined with red flannel, and red-and-black striped shawl.

Probably wore three rings, a solitary diamond, a pearl surrounded by small diamonds and a plain gold.

The above reward will be paid for the actual restoration to her family in this city, of Miss Nellie Cooley, if living, or of her body, if dead.

B. F. MYERS,

Chief of Police, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

"KILL HIM, GEORGE!"

Knight, the Dutch Comedian, in the Role of a Sullivan Sluggar.

As the passengers on a train from Harrisburg were quietly enjoying themselves, they were rudely aroused by the voice of some excited individual in the rear part of the car who threatened to shoot somebody if he laid his dirty hands on him. In a moment everything was excitement. All eyes were turned in the direction of the combatants, who proved to be no less an important but irritable person than George S. Knight, the actor, and the conductor of the train. The Dutch comedian, as every one knows, is a Harrisburger, his real name being George K. Sloan. He lived here for many years, and several relatives still reside in the city. J. Alexander Sloan, a horseshoer, having a blacksmith shop in Dewberry avenue, is his cousin. Knight, who had got aboard the train with his troupe, was bound for Williamsport. His wife, the well-known Sophie Worrell, of burlesque opera fame, occupied a double seat opposite, while George amused himself playing with two ugly-looking pups in the seat with him. These uninvited specimens of the canine race were the original cause of all the trouble. The conductor informed the comedian that if he insisted upon keeping company with his pups, he must go forward in the smoking-car.

"You thing, you," replied the ungentelemanly actor, "lay your hands on me and I will knock you down."

"Kill him, George! kill him!" piped in the shrill voice of his better half.

The dogs barked, Knight swore, and the conductor beat a hasty retreat through the back door of the car. Knight then indulged in a tirade of abuse that was anything but becoming, while his wife vainly tried to comfort him and quiet him down.

Then commenced the marshaling of the different forces, and it looked at one time as if there would be war. Knight went forward to the smoking-car and brought back one or two of the troupe supposed to be the thumpers, and the brakemen and trainmen were collected together canvassing the prospects as to whether the four-legged curs would bite if they should be ordered to seize them and remove their obnoxious forms from the car. Williamsport was reached before an order to charge was given, and, as the troupe alighted there, all danger of a rupture was over.

The dogs were allowed to depart in peace to annoy some other conductor in the near future, while Knight embarked with his head high in the air, remarking, confidentially, to the people near by that he guessed that conductor had picked him up for "an old woman."

A SPEEDY DISPATCH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A ghastly sight was presented to the citizens of Tombstone, Arizona, on the morning of Washington's birthday. On a telegraph-pole near the court-house was hanging the lifeless body of a man, and posted beneath was the following inscription:

JOHN HEITH

Was hanged to this pole by the citizens of Cochise county for participation in the

Bisbee massacre, as a proved accessory.

AT 8 20 A. M., FEBRUARY 22, 1884.

[Washington's Birthday.]

ADVANCE, ARIZONA!

The day before a long and exciting trial ended of a band of men who, on Dec. 8, 1883, rode into the town of Bisbee on a robbing raid, and after pillaging stores and killing three men and one woman, attempted to destroy the town. Five of the men charged with the crime, Dowd, Delaney, Kelly, Sample and Howard, were convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged on March 23. John Heith, who, although not taking part in the robbery, was proven to have planned and instigated the outrage, was let off with a life sentence.

The verdict returned by the jury in the latter case seemed to be looked upon by the people of Cochise county as a wrong one--every person in the county believing that if Heith was guilty at all (which had been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt) he was, if possible, more guilty than his pals, who had been sentenced to hang. Therefore a crowd of determined men, who wore no masks, nor made any attempt at concealment, went to the jail early the next morning, intimidated the keepers, seized Heith and hung him, as above described.

One of the condemned men, Kelly, describes the capture and execution in the following doggerel, which was published in the Tombstone Epitaph:

As I awoke this morning at eight,
I heard a knock at the outside gate,
The jailer went to open the door,
And there be bled a hundred or more.
Kriegbaum came to Ward's relief,
And the jailer left on account of his belief,
The stranglers came to have some fun;
They roped John Heith and away they run,
The mob went out four by four,
And met the sheriff at the door.
They gave a howl and then a roar,
And throwed the old man on the floor.
Harry Solan, brave and true,
Entered the door to see what he could do;
But he found it was of no avail,
For the mob had taken Heith from jail.
They went down Toughnut, crossed the maine,
And then came back to Toughnut again.
They marched Heith down to near the bend,
And here they said the fun would end.
The valiant Heith, for nerve he had no lack;
He told the mob he had one request to make.
Said he, "My boys, when I am dead,
Do not pierce my body with your lead."
They placed brave Heith beneath the wire,
And pulled him up six feet or higher.
The way he died it was a shame,
But Sheriff Ward was not to blame.
Oh, stranglers prepare, for the day will come
That you will have to meet your doom.
You will curse the hour that you were born
The morning Gabriel toots his horn.

By the condemned MICK (KELLY.)

Cochise County Jail Feb. 22, 1884.

RUN AWAY WITH A WAITRESS.

Charles H. Bosworth, Superintendent of Mails in the post-office at St. Paul, Minn., has disappeared, and is supposed to have eloped with Belle Esterbrook, a hotel waitress. Bosworth has been in the post-office for eighteen months. He came from Chicago, where he had been engaged in the mail service. He was at one time a member of the Minnesota legislature. His intercourse with the Esterbrook woman dates back several years. Or account of his intimacy, his wife a Red Wing hotel domestic, obtained a divorce from him. When Bosworth went to St. Paul Belle left the Briggs House, in Chicago, where she was working, obtaining a position at the hotel at which he boarded. His intimacy with her was very marked. On Jan. 14 he married Miss Lella Starles, of No. 655 Walnut street, Chicago, and he sent her home recently. Since his marriage his relations with the other woman continued, and they both disappeared. He leaves several hundred dollars of debts. His accounts at the post-office have not been examined. Bosworth was very well known, and his flight has created a great deal of gossip.

STEALING MONEY TO GET MARRIED.

Lewis Maguire, of Philadelphia, eighteen years of age, who stole a shot-bag filled with money from his step-father, had a hearing the other day. When arrested he was in company with a young girl named Maggie Slaugh, and it is said they were about to be married. Maguire had \$300, and said he only took \$410, and not \$50, as was supposed. He admitted spending \$110 for a suit of wedding clothes, a gold watch and two rings. The watch was to be given to the girl. She was released from custody. A year ago Maguire stole \$900 from his mother, and went to Pittsburg with a friend. He only recently returned from a trip to St. Louis. He was also charged with stealing seventy geese from nine different persons, and was held in \$2,400 bail.

THE CASE OF HORACE N. HATCH.

On calling on Mr. Horace N. Hatch, of No. 108 I street, dealer in stoves, furnaces, etc., at No. 130 West Broadway, South Boston, where he has been for many years favorably known, he said to the reporter that his wife drew the part of the \$75,000 prize. "My wife, and my daughter Gerlie and I," he said, "each held a \$1 ticket in The Louisiana State Lottery, in the February 12th Drawing." "How much was the prize?" "My wife's ticket, No. 71,342, drew \$15,000, and Gerlie drew \$50." "Have you received the money?" "I have, through the Southern Express Company." Local Interviewer in the Boston (Mass.) Star, Feb. 25th.

TWO DREAMS.

A Mexican Maiden's Visions of Love and Robbers Strangely Realized.

She Marries a Handsome Herdman, Whose Home She Bravely Defended with a Winchester Rifle.

In the little Mexican town of Juanita, near the boundary between Colorado and New Mexico, is a small Catholic mission. The priest in charge, old Padre Francisco, was a perfect type of the Mexican priest. Among the most devout attendants at the little mission chapel was the Senorita Isabel Garcia, a beautiful Mexican maiden of sixteen years. One day, in passing through the study of the parsonage attached to the chapel, she became aware of the presence of a stranger. Timidly raising her eyes as she passed, she caught the sight of his admiring gaze, which seemed almost to devour her. That night she dreamed of the beautiful stranger who had caused her heart to beat so wildly in the pastor's study. When the morning's sun awoke her the vision seemed to be still present. As for the stranger, he was a large sheep-owner, whose home was further north, but whose large flocks were scattered over the ranges near Juanita, and his visits to his herdsman, which were only made at rare intervals, allowed but a brief stay in the neighborhood. At sight of Isabel the stranger, Gustave Hoffman, turned to the priest and said: "Padre, who is the angel?" The worthy father laughed, and then in a gentle, paternal manner replied: "She is my favorite, my little child Isabel, a good girl whose heart is as pure as the skies above us."

"I would like to have that girl for my wife," said Gustave, with all the impulsiveness of the Saxon blood in his veins.

"The maiden is very young, and I am afraid you will have to give her more time to think," said the Padre.

"Well, then, I must leave for the northern part of the State at once, and will return in three weeks, and, father, I want you to plead my cause for me while I am gone."

The young man made his friend adieu, and the latter improved the opportunity so well that on the return of the lover at the appointed time the girl's consent had been won, the wedding celebrated at once and the pair departed for their northern home.

A beautiful Colorado cottage on the banks of a romantic mountain river.

Within was a slight yet beautiful woman, still young, engaged in some woman's handwork with the needle, while playing on the floor and clustering at her knees were three bright and beautiful children. This was Gustave Hoffman's home, and this his Mexican wife and his children. The hasty wooing and wedding had proved a happy one.

It so happened that one day Gustave was called suddenly away to the northern part of the State, and in the safe were several thousand dollars which he had had no opportunity of depositing in the bank of the nearest town. By an unfortunate coincidence it also happened that their man-of-all-work about the home ranch was called home by the death of his mother, so that the only occupants of the house were Mrs. Hoffman, the children and a woman servant.

The little woman retired to her couch early. A strange presentiment of trouble, however, made her wakeful, and several times she arose, examined the fastenings of the house, and went to speak to the faithful watch-dog. Finally, tired out by what she considered her foolish fears, she sank into a troubled sleep, during which she dreamed that robbers had entered the house, and with hands at her throat were demanding the keys of the safe. With a terrible effort she awoke, trembling in every limb. Just at this moment, with every faculty strained to its utmost, she heard a muffled growl from the dog, then the whispers of men beneath the window. Going to a drawer in her dressing-case, she took two revolvers, which were loaded, and placing them in a convenient place, took from a corner her husband's Winchester, which he had left for her protection. Advancing to the window in the dark, with her rifle in hand, she waited and listened. Slowly and noiselessly the jimmy used by the burglars forced the fastenings, softly the sash was raised, and then several quick reports from the rifle, followed by howls of pain and the fall of a heavy body, broke the stillness of the night. Everything that followed was a blank to Mrs. Hoffman for several weeks. It seemed, however, that two noted ruffians, Black Bill and a companion, had by some means become aware of the rich contents of the Hoffmans' safe and also of the absence of the master, and had made this desperate attempt at a haul, which had failed through the bravery of the noble wife. As soon as the frightened servant dared, she crept off through the brush and made her way to the nearest ranch, telling them her mistress and all the children had been murdered. A force of men was soon summoned, and upon arriving at the scene discovered lying beneath the window in a pool of blood a large, dark-browed man, who some of them recognized as the outlaw, Black Bill. Directly in front of the window was a trail of blood leading across the garden to the side of the river, where it was lost, showing that at least two were implicated in the attempt, one of whom was killed and the other desperately wounded. Mrs. Hoffman was found in a death-like swoon, from which she did not recover until late the following day, and this was succeeded by a fever lasting several weeks. Upon learning of the brave deed of his wife, the husband realized more than ever that he had made no mistake in his hasty marriage.

DEATH IN THE MINE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most terrible mining accidents on record occurred at Pocahontas, Va., shortly after midnight, on March 13. Pocahontas is situated in the southwestern portion of Virginia, in Tazewell county, and is reached by a branch line of the Norfolk & Western Railroad. It is about seventy-five miles from the main line. The mines and town are owned by a Philadelphia company, and the mine is known as that of the Southwest Virginia Improvement Company.

The citizens of this quiet little place were awakened from their slumbers at half-past twelve in the morning, by a terrible explosion at the mines, situated about a mile from the town. On reaching the place was found a scene of devastation, both indescribable and awful. The buildings adjacent to the mines were

torn from their foundation. The entrances to the mines were blown to atoms. Timbers were twisted and thrown for 100 yards or more. Cars were blown into fragments and their wheels broken into pieces and scattered about. Some of the cars were found over 100 feet from where they were standing. There were about 120 men in the mines at the time of the explosion, not one of whom escaped alive. The fire ventilator was shattered, leaving not a trace to show what it was. Traces of the terrible disaster could be seen for fully half a mile from the spot. A family living about 200 feet from the mines had their house blown from over them.

As soon as the accident became known a relief force was sent by the superintendent to aid the hapless miners who had been hemmed in. After going a short distance they were forced to return. The bodies of six men found by this party belonged to a force at work not far from the entrance. To add to the horror of the situation, at 6 o'clock the mines were discovered to be on fire. This created the wildest excitement among the people of this place, as there is scarcely a house that had not its representative in the mine.

In the confusion which has very naturally prevailed ever since the calamity took place, it is impossible to obtain a list of the men buried in the mines. Of the men in the mines fifty were colored miners and laborers, forty Hungarians, and the remainder Germans and natives of Tazewell county.

A PIOUS FRAUD IN LIMBO.

Last fall, before Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, left for Rome, he was visited by an elderly man who claimed to be an Archbishop of the diocese of Chaldea. Archbishop Gibbons was not aware of such a diocese, but as he had credentials from Cardinal McCloskey, of New York, he was well received and invited to celebrate mass at the Cathedral. He did so every morning for some time, and made himself very popular. He spoke numerous languages, and was evidently a learned man. He left after collecting quite a sum of money, ostensibly for his Oriental mission. He was given letters to the Bishop of Cincinnati, where he was well received and finally went to Rochester, N. Y., where he seems to have come to grief. While in the sanctuary of St. Joseph's Redemptorist Church in that city his demeanor during a mass made several of the congregation suspicious. By their advice the alleged Archbishop was questioned and was found to be unable to give the absolution of the church in Latin. A few moments later he disappeared from the pastorate where he was staying, leaving all his clothes behind him, but carrying away \$300 for his alleged Oriental mission he had secured from the pious of Rochester. He was arrested at the depot and made to refund the \$300, after which he was let go, and disappeared. No one knows now from whence he came. He is supposed to have been some adventurous priest. How he got credentials from the Cardinal is a mystery.

SAVING THE SCROLLS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was great excitement a few days ago among the Polish Jews of the Tenth ward, caused by the discovery of a fire in one of the numerous synagogues in that quarter. The synagogue is that of a very orthodox Jewish society known as Mochski Tora Aushi Seneir, and is on the second floor of a two-story building at Orchard and Hester streets. The ground floor of the building is occupied as a butcher's shop. At 2 P. M. Julius Lindan, the sexton, entered the synagogue for the purpose of preparing for the Sabbath services. When he opened the door he found the place full of smoke, and saw flames coming out of the sanctuary at the extreme eastern end of the building. The sanctuary consists of a wooden closet, in which are contained the parchment scrolls of the law, and it is concealed from view by heavy silken draperies, which are drawn aside during certain portions of the services. Lindan gave an alarm, a number of the residents of the neighborhood rushed in, and, despite the smoke and fire, made their way to the sanctuary to save from destruction the scrolls, which are deemed sacred by them. In this they succeeded, but the scrolls were badly damaged. The firemen had the flames extinguished in fifteen minutes, and the damage will not exceed \$400.

BAUGHER'S BONANZA.

Some time ago, E. D. Baugher, a blacksmith of this town, commenced investing in the Henry College Lottery, of Louisville, Ky., now removed to Covington, Ky., and last Saturday he obtained the welcome intelligence that the ticket he held had drawn the second cash prize of \$10,000, the lucky number being 19,212. Mr. Baugher is an industrious working man and one of our most respected citizens. The prize was promptly paid. Louisville, Ky., Jan. 4, 1884. Received of J. J. Douglas, for the Henry College Lottery Company, payment in full for prize ticket No. 19,212, drawn Dec. 27th, 1883, said prize ticket drawing ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) and owned by E. D. Baugher, Kinsley, Edwards County, Kansas. Bank of Kentucky, by E. C. Dulaney, Clerk.—Kinsley (Kansas) Mercury.

DIDN'T PASS THE WIRE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A curious accident put an end to a brush between two local sports on Jerome avenue last week. The cutters of the rival drivers were flashing over the snow when there was a sudden snapping sound overhead. A telegraph wire had parted and the loose end fell, catching one of the drivers under the chin, and whirling him out of his seat. Fortunately he got off with a few bruises, and was able to enjoy the supper he had to pay for. This is the third or fourth accident of the kind which has occurred in this city during the winter. In one instance a truck-driver on Fourteenth street was thrown from his wagon by a wire and had his skull fractured.

FAMILY TIES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An assault and battery case, recently heard at the Harlem Court, revealed a strange case of domestic infelicity in the family of John B. Welmer, a resident of Union avenue. According to the testimony, Welmer is a man of uncontrollable and vicious temper, and when he gets on a rampage, makes things lively for his family. They, however, united forces, and when the old man was in his tantrums they lassoed him, and bound him to a tree in the back yard until his rage was spent.

ANOTHER CHASTINE COX.

Miss Harvey Bound and Gagged by a Burly Negro Robber.

[With Portrait.]

A murderous assault, resembling in many respects the crime perpetrated by Chastine Cox upon Mrs. Dr. Hull, was committed on Saturday night, March 8, in the Sloane Flats, at Broadway and Thirty-second street, this city. Mr. George Sloane and his family occupy apartments on the fourth floor. With them lived Miss Magale Harvey, Mrs. Sloane's sister. On Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. Sloane went out on a visit, leaving their two-year-old child in the care of Miss Harvey, who is about nineteen years old.

Miss Harvey went to bed at 10 o'clock with the child. Soon after they were in bed the door of a closet in the bedroom was pushed open, and a negro approached the bed. He clutched Miss Harvey by the throat and prevented her from screaming. When the child cried he threatened the girl that if she didn't make it stop he would kill them both. He then demanded that Miss Harvey should show him where Mr. Sloane kept his money. She said she didn't know. The negro then gagged her with a towel, drew her from the bed, and bound her hands behind her back. Miss Harvey became unconscious, and the negro ransacked the house. At 11½ Mr. and Mrs. Sloane returned. They released Miss Harvey and sent for the police.

Before midnight Capt. Williams and two detectives were in the house. One of the latter found a light-complexioned negro under the bed of Gertrude Ash, a colored servant of Mr. Sloane. He was taken to the station, where he said his name was Jesse Williams, and that he was a coachman. Gertrude Ash was also arrested as a possible accomplice.

She is about eighteen years old. Williams is only twenty-one years old. When he was discovered he tried to break away, and fought so furiously that he was clubbed into submission. About \$600 worth of silverware was found done up in a bundle in the house. It is supposed that Williams was in the house since Wednesday, and that he was fed by Gertrude Ash.

To Capt. Williams Miss Harvey made the following statement:

"I lay down with the child about 10 o'clock, and think I slept about ten minutes, when I awoke as the child cried. The gas was turned partly down, but it was light enough for me to see a negro jump out of a closet opposite the bed. I was very much startled, and tried to rise up from the bed, but the negro savagely pushed me down and hissed in my ear:

"'I'll kill you if you say a word.'"

"Then he tied my hands across my back with a string which he drew from his pocket; then he stuffed something into my mouth so tight that I couldn't speak."

"While I lay helpless and frightened, he glared at me and ordered me to get up and open the front door. I got up as well as I could, but I couldn't open the door as I had no key. 'If you don't open the door I'll kill you and the child,' he said. Then he became impatient and threw me over, and kicked me while I was on the floor. After that I became unconscious."

Williams said he went to the Sloane Flats on Wednesday. "Gertrude asked me to stay," he continued, "and I did. I remained in her room from Wednesday up to the time I was arrested. About 10 o'clock on Saturday night Gertrude went out of the room and got some hot water for her bath. She went out again to see about noises we had heard in the building. Presently she returned, and told me that Miss Harvey had been gagged and tied up. She told me to hide under the bed, for she was afraid that if I were found in her room she would lose her place."

The prisoners were held in \$2,000 each for trial.

Williams was born in Kingston, is twenty-one years of age, and has been out of employment for several months. He was arrested in July last for abandoning his wife, but was discharged. The woman said she was born in Philadelphia eighteen years ago. At last accounts Miss Harvey was reported to be recovering.

A MASHING JUROR VICTORIOUS.

A love affair which began in a Baltimore courtroom during the trial of a will case, has just terminated here in matrimony. The groom is F. L. Barreda Turner, a young member of the Corn and Flour Exchange, and the bride is Miss Maud W. Caldwell, daughter of Dr. John Caldwell. Last spring the young lady's parents were interested with many others in a suit to break the will of John Tolly Johns, a very wealthy man, on the ground that he was of unsound mind when he made the will. Motion for a new trial was made on the ground that young Turner, who was one of the jurors, was influenced in giving the verdict which set aside the will by soft speaking glances, and sweet smiles of the pretty, bright-eyed Maud. Deputy State Attorney Gans declared that he had noticed the exchange of glances between the good-looking juror and the charming witness during the trial. When the jury would leave the courtroom he would look back, and she reciprocated the tender glance. A juror said that one day Turner remarked to him: "What a chance a young fellow would have if he gave a verdict in her favor," and "How can we bring in a verdict against such a pretty girl as Miss Caldwell?" The lawyers argued a whole day over the motion, and it was shown that the juror and witness were engaged to be married before the close of the trial, but, nevertheless, Judge Brown would not grant the motion for a new trial. The marriage of the couple revives the whole story and creates a pleasant sensation in society circles.

A FORTY-YEAR-OLD MURDER.

About daylight one day in 1840 a farmer on his way to Pitsburg, Pa., with a load of meat, passing a graveyard, heard the sound of splitting timber. Curious to know the cause, he alighted, quickly climbed the graveyard fence and stole along in the direction of the sounds. He had gone but a short distance when he discovered a man stooping in an excavated grave and in the act of lifting a body out of the coffin. The grave was that of a prominent young woman who had been buried only the day before. The farmer was so filled with horror and indignation that before the man could spring out he seized a club that lay near and dealt him a powerful blow on the head. The man neither uttered a sound nor moved after falling. The farmer became alarmed, dropping into the grave himself he raised the grave-robbing body, and recognized the sexton of the old church, a man who stood high in the community. Fearful of the consequences, the farmer hurried home, and telling his relatives of what had occurred, at once left the

State. Only five persons ever knew his secret. Who found the body of the sexton dead in the grave, was not known by them, but as it was given out that he died suddenly, no investigation was ever made, and his family soon afterward moved away. It was supposed by the five in the secret that the body must have been discovered by some one of the sexton's family, and that the evidences of his crime was so plain, that it was determined not to expose it by making any effort to ascertain how he came to his death.

The sexton's slayer went to a town in Ohio, where he became prominent and wealthy. He died last week, without his secret becoming known even to his wife and children. The secret, at the time of his death, was in the custody of two persons only, all the rest of the five having died. One of these persons is a leading preacher in Allegheny; the other is your informant, a resident of the oil regions.

EVICTED DURING HER CONFINEMENT.

A woman, giving her name as Kitty Ames, and her home as Neenah, arrived in Fond du Lac, Wis., recently, from Oshkosh and put up at the City Hotel. She was nearly destitute, and was looking for employment. During the night she gave birth to a child while in her room. The landlord, R. Scharbuno, a Frenchman, on learning what had happened, ordered the woman out of the house. Taking the newborn child in her arms she started out into the cold and snow, wandering about the street until she turned up at the police station more dead than alive. Chief of Police Kretlow gave her a warm place and summoned a physician. He found the child dead, and was of the opinion that it was born dead. The woman is not expected to live, owing to the exposure which she suffered. She says she was married a year ago to Charley Ames, a resident of Neenah, but that he left her about six months ago. Grave threats are made against Scharbuno for his treatment of the woman, and should she die he will be arrested.

A HOT RACE FOR A WIFE.

Miss Hattie Carter and Henry Smith, residents of Accomac county, Virginia, were married March 11 under peculiar difficulties. The young couple had been courting for a year past, but the parents of Miss Carter objected, and so the lovers arranged to elope. They met by appointment, jumped into a buggy and started for the minister's residence. Miss Carter's father got wind of the affair, quickly harnessed another horse and drove after them. A race resulted for over an hour, and as the horse driven by the late parent was superior to that driven by young Smith, the latter found it necessary to force his horse into a gallop. After ten miles had been traversed in this manner the trace of Carter's harness broke, and this accident enabled Smith to reach the minister's house in time to permit of the ceremony being performed before Mr. Carter's arrival. A large crowd followed the young couple, and were ready with hearty congratulations, when the spunky groom said: "It's all right, boys; let my father-in-law into the house." Carter had been held back by the crowd till all was over.

AN OLD MAN BRAINED.

Weyanwega, Wis., was startled on March 12, by the announcement that Frederic Vlerks, an old German resident of the town of Lind, had been murdered. His body was found by his wife just outside of the barn. His skull was crushed by a blow from a heavy mallet, and the deadly instrument was found on the ground near the body. There is no doubt but that he was murdered, but by whom is not even suspected. Vlerks is supposed to have had considerable money about his person, at the time of the murder. He was eighty-five years of age. This is the second murder which has occurred in that vicinity during a comparatively short period, the first being the killing of Banker Mead at Waupaca, for which a man named Vandecar is now in jail awaiting a second trial, the jury having disagreed at the first trial.

ELOPED WITH HIS SCHOLAR.

A sensation has been created in Westboro, Mass., by the absence from town of L. K. Travis, a well-known lawyer in Worcester county. It is reported that a young lady of that town has departed with him. Mr. Travis has held a number of responsible town offices here, and has been superintendent of the Baptist Sabbath-school. The young lady reported to be involved has been a scholar in the Sunday-school class of which he was in charge. Travis has a wife and one child. A few days before his departure Travis sent his wife and child on a visit to a friend in a neighboring town, saying that he would join them presently, but as he did not come, the wife, thinking that there was something wrong, returned to town only to find her home forsaken. Before leaving town Travis disposed of his law business.

HE WANTED A DRINK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A couple of rakish club men recently gave a dinner at Delmonico's to several actresses into whose good graces they desired to insinuate themselves. One of the hosts is a well-known, battered old roue, famous for his colossal and shameless cheek. His attentions to one of the ladies were so insolent that they soon became unbearable to her, and when he finally asked her to let him drink out of her glass, she said:

"Take the whole glass."

And gave it to him in the face.

The dinner passed off quite soberly after that, as might have been expected.

EDWARD KENDALL.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Edward Kendall is at present an actor, and well known as one of the Corinne Merrie Makers. He is an expert billiardist, and at one time was the champion of Massachusetts at the three and four ball game. He still handles the cue with very great skill, and occasionally astonishes the boys by the way in which he knocks the ivory balls around.

GEORGE H. MILLS.

[With Portrait.]

George H. Mills, who was convicted in Brooklyn of murder in the first degree for killing his wife, was sentenced by Judge Moore, of the Court of Sessions, March 1, to be hanged on Friday, April 18. The murder was committed in South Sixth street, Williamsburgh.



MRS. LANGTRY AND THE LAW.

THE PRIZE BEAUTY RECEIVES A VISIT IN HER DRESSING-ROOM FROM A DEPUTY SHERIFF AND MAKES HIM A LIBERAL OFFER OF HER JEWELRY; NEW YORK CITY.



CASH ON DELIVERY.

THE SURRENDER OF THE NOTORIOUS SOUTH CAROLINA FIRE-EATER, COLONEL E. B. C. CASH, TO THE SHERIFF'S POSSE IN SEARCH OF HIS MURDEROUS OFFSPRING, BOGAN CASH.



BEN THOMPSON'S FINAL EXIT.

THE LAST ACT OF A FIERCE AND DESPERATE CAREER, AS PERFORMED IN A SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, TEMPLE OF THE WILD AND UNTRAMMELED DRAMA.



CHEATING THE FLAMES.

HOW THE PILLARS OF AN EAST SIDE SYNAGOGUE GOT AHEAD OF THE FIRE FIEND; NEW YORK CITY.



TORN LIMB FROM LIMB.

A BLOOD-CURDLING EPISODE OF THE TERRIBLE AND MURDEROUS COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT IOCAHONTAS, VA.

THE PRIZE RING.

Old Sports' and Young Aspirants' Lively Fistic Work.

Mervine Thompson, the New Pugilistic Comet, Keeping His Hand in—Business Mapped Out for Mitchell.

Prize ring matters still continue booming, and while Sullivan is gaining glory and wealth near the Pacific Coast, Mervine Thompson, the new pugilistic comet, is scoring victory after victory. Mitchell is still in New York and patiently waiting for the opportunity to knock out Mervine Thompson, or try the same game with the retired champion, Sullivan.

Joe Penderast has fought himself into a saloon and refuses to fight any one but Sullivan. Hail H. Stoddard, the Syracuse wonder, is still in New York, and makes Ned Mallahan's sporting house, corner of Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, his headquarters. Stoddard is eager and spoiling for a glove contest with any of the pugilists. Mervine Thompson will, no doubt, accommodate him.

The second glove contest between Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Jack Stewart, of Canada, was not allowed to take place at London, Ontario, on March 5. Duncan C. Ross had engaged the City Hall for the contest, and the Common Council had granted a license for the affair, but the action of the chief of police in soliciting the opinion of the crown attorney, who decided that the exhibition would be illegal, and sent a communication to Mayor Hyman, advising the closing of the City Hall against this affair, rendered the change of place necessary.

Ross finally engaged the Grand Opera House, and then the chief of police tried to prevent the pugilists from meeting. Stewart was placed under bonds, and when Thompson arrived he also had to give bonds that he would not engage in a glove contest.

Thompson has become quite popular with the leading sporting men of the West, and went to London, accompanied by Jack Forbes, the noted Canadian turfman, Robert Wright, of Detroit, John D. Wright, of Port Huron, Don Ewer, of Port Huron, Ed. Gilman, of Detroit, and a host of other leading lights of the sporting world. On the night of the contest a tremendous crowd filled the Opera House. The Mayor and the entire Board of Aldermen were present. The presence of the chief of police and a posse of some ten officers, who were stationed on the stage, though concealed from the audience, had the effect of dampening the ardor of the contestants and preventing what might have proved an exciting struggle.

The programme was inaugurated by several rounds between amateurs, after which Stewart and Thompson made their appearance in full ring costume. A great disparity was apparent in their size, Thompson being of heavy, thickest build, while his opponent was considerably lighter and more active. Six rounds were fought, but the men evinced no desire to injure each other, and went through their work in a playful manner, accepting the slight punishment they received in good form. Indeed, when anything approaching scrummage was indulged in, a warning from the chief served to stop it. It was generally conceded that in point of skill and activity Stewart was much superior to the Cleveland man, who apparently possesses little knowledge of the science of self-defense, although from his immense strength it is quite evident that he might prove a formidable opponent in the event of a contest more closely approaching a prize fight, but he was not permitted to exercise his muscle in the slightest degree, and made scarcely any use of his right hand in defending himself. He was repeatedly tapped on the face, mouth, cheek and body by Stewart, but the blows seemed to produce not the slightest effect, as he remained solid and immovable. He appears capable of sustaining any amount of punishment. Ed Gilman officiated as referee satisfactorily. Robert Wright, second for Stewart, and Duncan C. Ross for Thompson.

Charley Mitchell, the heavy-weight champion pugilist of England, and Joe Denning are to box four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, at Turn Hall, in Fourth street, Thursday March 23. Denning is to receive \$100 if he is able to conquer Mitchell during the 12 minutes of boxing or slugging. William E. Harding, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, was chosen to fill the position of referee on March 11 at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and accepted the position. Denning will weigh in the neighborhood of 180 pounds, while Mitchell will weigh about 160 pounds. The contest will be well worth looking at, for Mitchell will try to do Denning.

Mitchell does not intend to be idle. At the Mechanics' Institute at Boston, on Wednesday evening, March 26, the English champion is to meet John Kilrain, the last comet in the pugilistic firmament, and box four rounds, according to "Police Gazette" or revised Queensberry rules. Kilrain is the pugilist who fought a draw with Jim Goode at the Crib Club at Boston some time ago, and the man that Dominick McCaffrey refused to box after he journeyed to the Hub to meet him. The affair is under the management of James Keenan, of 35 Kneeland street, Boston, and there is every indication that a tremendous crowd will pack the Institute to witness the contest.

Since the glove contest between Robinson, the amateur athlete of the Olympic Club, San Francisco, and Sullivan, there has been considerable discussion about the alleged cowardly tactics Robinson pursued. Robinson had no idea that he could conquer Sullivan. He knew that if he could stand before Sullivan, or respond to the call of time during each of the four rounds, he would, technically speaking, win the match, as Sullivan was booked to "knock out" Robinson in 12 minutes. According to the rules, there is no stipulation made whether a pugilist shall stand up or fall down. Therefore, Robinson had a perfect right to follow the tactics he pursued. After the match was arranged there was a large amount of money wagered, odds being laid that Sullivan would knock Robinson out. At Smith and nearly all of the betting fraternity invested their funds at \$100 to \$50 on Sullivan's chances. The members of the Olympic Club and their followers placed their confidence in Robinson's ability to "stay" the four rounds, and in many instances backed their opinions. Robinson knew this fact, and he entered the ring determined to use tactics which would make him the winner, and he succeeded. Chandler's, the referee, decision that Sullivan won on a foul, because Robinson fell without a blow, is absurd. There is no

specification or provision in the rules that would give him that power. If the pugilists had been contending London ring rules and Robinson fell without a blow, the decision would have been a fair one. Robinson was the winner according to the terms of the match. Those that put out their money that Robinson would not stay during the four rounds, lost. Robinson does not pretend to be a pugilist. He has been a gentleman amateur of the Olympic Club. He was induced to box Sullivan by a number of prominent gentlemen. He had no idea of conquering the champion; but he was satisfied Sullivan could not conquer him in four rounds.

The long-pending glove fight between Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, Duncan C. Ross' protégé, and C. A. C. Smith, the heavy-weight colored champion, of East Saginaw, Mich., was fought at the Armory Hall, Cleveland, on March 10. Ever since the rival giants of the arena had been matched great interest was centered in the affair. Thompson's friends were confident he would win, while many did not believe he could knock Smith out, and there was considerable speculation. From all parts of the country sporting men journeyed to witness the affair, and long before the doors were opened hundreds of sporting men were on hand, and at 8 o'clock nearly 3,000 persons were in the building. After the pugilists entered the ring Thompson appeared much heavier than his game colored antagonist in every way, and his broad shoulders and immense chest produced a very favorable impression on the audience. He has the appearance of a typical fighter. Standing 5 feet 11½ inches, his immense breadth of shoulders and depth of chest give him the appearance of a man of only medium height. His head is set on a short, thick neck, and his face, if physiognomy goes for anything, is that of a man who would never know when he was whipped and would fight to the death. He can stand any amount of punishment, and is utterly fearless in any kind of a mill. At present he weighs 210 pounds, being worked down from 245. For a ring fight he would train down 10 pounds more. The following are his measurements: Chest 45, left biceps 17½, right biceps 18½, waist 33½, thigh 27, calf 18½, neck 18. The muscles of the arm, chest and back are developed to an extraordinary degree, standing out in great cords and knots, and furnishing the power to drive the enormous fists with terrific effect. Smith, on the contrary, appears lighter and more nervous in temperament, possessing great activity of movement, and in this respect far exceeding his antagonist, who stood like a rock, apparently understanding little of the principles of sparring. Smith is 5 feet 11 inches in height, chest 41 inches, biceps 16, thigh 24, calf 16. The weight at which he appeared was 200 pounds.

The pugilists were to fight according to "Police Gazette" rules, the rounds to last three minutes each, with one minute rest between.

ROUND 1.—The colored man appeared eager and excited and rushed at Thompson at the word, the men closing at once. Smith clinched Thompson, shoved him back, and knocked him over the ropes. Up again, Smith clinched, fell under Thompson's heavy blows, went over the ropes again and lost his gloves. There was much heavy countering, body blows, and clinching. Smith retired to his corner in excellent shape. He was laughing and appeared fresh as a daisy.

ROUND 2.—The men clinched at the outset. Cries of foul from Thompson's friends. Thompson forced Smith to the ropes, and either knocked him over or shoved him off the platform, falling over him. Cries of foul from Smith's backers. Again Thompson knocked his man down, but fell himself heavily on his face. It was a close fight, and both men went over the ropes together. Knock-out for the Cleveland.

ROUND 3.—They clinched again, but Thompson broke away and hit Smith a terrible blow on the side of the head, sending him over the ropes. Up again, Thompson flogged his man and hammered him on the head after he was down. Another knock-out for Thompson.

ROUND 4.—Smith came up laughing, and in good condition. He showed no signs of weakening. Thompson appeared groggy and mad. As usual, the men closed at the start, Thompson showing no science at all. Thompson downed the colored man in quick order, and again pounded him on the head after he was down. More short arm fighting followed, and Smith was again sent over the ropes by a terrific side blow. Knock-out for the Cleveland man.

ROUND 5.—Thompson knocked Smith down at the start. He came up smiling and gave Thompson a terrible side blow, knocking him down. Thompson jumped up and knocked Smith down once, and then sent him over the ropes again.

ROUND 6.—Both men came up gamely. Thompson in the best condition of the two. He again flogged Smith, hitting him in the back of the neck while the darkey was pounding away at his hips. Thompson won the round. Smith still fresh and laughing.

ROUND 7.—Thompson led off with several hard blows and secured a clean knock-down, and then sent Smith over the ropes again. Smith retired gamey, but with an unsteady walk.

ROUND 8.—Thompson forced Smith to the ropes, and gave him severe punishment, knocking him down three times in the round, which he won with ease.

ROUND 9.—Smith came up with a forced smile on his face, but in bad condition. He mustered up courage enough to give Thompson two good ones in the face, but Thompson let drive one of his sledge-hammer blows, and again sent him over the ropes into the crowd. He lay exhausted and unable to climb back. He was helped up, but failed to respond.

The referee called time, and decided the fight in favor of Thompson. Great excitement prevailed for a time, Smith's friends claiming a foul. The whole affair was more like a rough-and-tumble fight than a sparring match. There was no science, no sparring, nothing but pulling and pounding. Thompson receives \$3,000 as his share of the receipts, and Smith \$2,000.

In an interview Billy Madden, Charley Mitchell's backer and trainer, says:

"Mitchell has come back wonderfully improved. He keeps himself in good condition, and is as quiet as a baby in my hands. Every night he is in bed before midnight, and has a good eight hours' sleep. He then boxes a little, takes a good walk and a bath and eats like a horse. In science he has no superior."

"What do you think his chances will be with Sullivan?"

"I think he will open Sullivan's eyes a little, but I don't want to talk too much on that subject. Another thing, I don't want any more gloves."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I want to have Sullivan face him in a 24-foot ring on the greensward and with bare knuckles. I

will back him against Sullivan for any amount under those conditions."

"On what grounds do you think he has chances of success?"

"Well, on the ground that Sullivan would not last out the full battle. Here is a fact that is not generally known. At the time Sullivan and Mitchell met at the Madison Square Garden, when both men reached the dressing room, when the battle was over, a remark was passed by Sullivan, who, by the way, was considerably blown, and Mitchell sprang up and wanted to finish the fight with bare knuckles right on the spot. Sullivan was not at all willing, and Capt. Williams said that such language as that had to be stopped or he would arrest all hands. Now, I claim that hard gloves are worse to fight with in one sense than the bare knuckles. Mitchell has been brought up to fight with bare fists, while Sullivan has rarely had anything but the gloves strike against him."

"But it is said that Sullivan will not fight with bare knuckles."

"If he does not—and I am going to press that point—Mitchell will meet him again with hard or soft gloves, as the case may be."

"Then you think that Mitchell is the only one of all the champions who can successfully compete with Sullivan in a fight?"

"I certainly do, and everything points that way. Although Mitchell has gained considerably in weight, I do not think that a disadvantage. He can reduce a couple of pounds and still be sufficiently heavy to meet Sullivan. At present he is, in my opinion, the most scientific man on this continent, and superior to Sullivan in that respect."

A large crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office on March 10 to witness Jack Dempsey and Patrick McCausland, better known as Young English, arrange a glove contest. The match was satisfactorily arranged, and the following articles were signed:

Articles of Agreement, entered into at the POLICE GAZETTE office this 10th day of March, between Jack Dempsey and Patrick McCausland (Young English).

The said Jack Dempsey and the said Young English do hereby agree to box six rounds, Queensberry rules, by which the said Jack Dempsey and the said Patrick McCausland do hereby mutually agree to be bound.

The said fight shall be for the sum of \$100 a side, to take place on Monday, April 7, 1884, at Clarendon Hall. The men to be in the ring between the hours of 9 and 10 P. M.; the man absent to forfeit stake money. The expenses to be borne mutually, share and share alike.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$25 a side is now deposited with Richard K. Fox, proprietor POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stakeholder. The remaining deposit of \$75 a side shall be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office Saturday, April 5, 1884, between the hours of 3 and 4 P. M.

The said deposits must not be put up later than the hours aforesaid, and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down.

The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or fairly won or lost by a fight, and due notice shall be given to both parties of the time and place for giving the money up.

In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names.

Witnesses, PATRICK McCausland, (Young English.) TOM McALPINE, WARREN LEWIS, JOHN E. DEMPSEY.

Warren Lewis, of Brooklyn, is backing Patrick McCausland, while Capt. Tutbill, of the Rochester, is backing English.

Harry Pearce, better known as the Game Chicken, was a native of Bristol, Eng. He was born in 1777, and was, until temptations of London life ruined his constitution, one of the most powerful, active fellows that ever graced the ring. His strength was almost Herculean, and his wind was so truly excellent that he was scarcely ever seen distressed. His science, although not quite so fine as that of Jim Belcher, was of a high order, and gave him immense superiority over all his other competitors. His height was 5 feet 9 inches, his weight was not much over 156 pounds, and in figure he much resembled Tom Johnson. His first battle took place Aug. 11, 1803, in which he conquered the determined Bourke. In 1804 it was generally considered that Jim Belcher had retired, and that the belt was therefore vacant, and Pearce, as the conqueror of Bourke, who had been Belcher's most troublesome customer, immediately assumed the title, which he was long destined to retain without a contest. Bourke was not satisfied with the result of the first tourney, which had taken place late at night in a room, and issued a challenge for a second trial, which was at once accepted by Pearce, and a match was made for £100, £50 for the winner and £10 for the loser. The battle was fought on the Wimbledon common, Jan. 23, 1801. Bourke stood longer before Pearce than he had been able to stand before Belcher, the fight lasting 1 hour and 17 minutes, and this no doubt led many to suppose that Pearce was inferior to that renowned hero. This appears to have been the opinion of Elias Spray, the coppersmith, also a Bristolian, who next entered the ring with the Chicken for fifty guineas. The battle took place March 11, 1805, at Moulsey, Hurst. The betting was 7 to 4 on Pearce, who made such an example of the coppersmith that he had to quit after twenty-nine rounds in 35 minutes. Spray showed lots of pluck, and took his mauling like a man, occasionally retreating with some severity, but so little did his blows show upon the Chicken that within an hour scarcely any one would know he had been fighting. Before leaving the ground he was challenged by Cart, of Birlingham, a powerful fellow, standing 6 feet 3½ inches, and a match was made on the spot, to come off in six weeks, for fifty guineas. This match took place April 27, 1807, at Shepperton. The superiority of the Chicken was so manifest that Cart had no chance whatever. After twenty-five rounds had been fought, in 35 minutes, Cart, who had received a severe mauling, was compelled to give up, and the Chicken again retired from the ring without a scratch. It was now that the friends of John Gully, who had not yet made his appearance in the ring, but who had displayed a high degree of proficiency in the noble art, persuaded him to throw down the gauntlet to Pearce.

The backers of the Chicken were nothing loth, and backed their pet for 600 guineas against £400. The fight was to have come off July 20, 1807, but owing to the busy interference of the blues, was postponed until Oct. 8, when it took place at Hailsham, Sussex. The odds were in favor of the Chicken, who, although not so tall as his opponent, was considered quite as powerful and possessed of more experience in the prize ring.

This was a most trying battle to the Chicken, and never was he so near being deprived of his well-earned laurels. In obtaining the victory over such a man as Gully, who although nominally only a novice, displayed all the generalship of an old tactician, and showed the most determined resolution and spirit.

It was after the fight that his old friend and adviser, Jem Belcher, sent a challenge to Pearce to fight in two months for 500 guineas. Pearce was much mortified at the challenge, but his position would not admit of his declining it, and the match was made. The fight took place Dec. 6, 1806. This was Pearce's last appearance in the prize ring. Shortly after the above fight his health began to fail, his continued libations to Bacchus, added to the fond caresses of the softer sex, soon told upon his constitution, and by the advice of his friends he retired from the ring, and took up the calling of a victualer in his native town. This he relinquished in 1807, and afterward he appears to have traveled from town to town to teach the art of self-defense. He gradually grew weaker, and in 1820 was attacked by rapid consumption, which soon carried him off.

Charley Norton, the light-weight champion pugilist, was tendered a mammoth benefit at the Academy of Music, at Newark, N. J., on March 13. The exhibition was well attended. A host of volunteers were on hand, and the following pugilists appeared: Young Nixey and Denny Costiga, George Taylor and Young Martin, W. J. Mulligan and Barney McCauley, Joe Wooley and Harry James, Mike Mullins and George Young, Billy James and Dell Gaffney. Edwin Bibby and Al. Hoeller wrestled. Young Bendoff and McHenry made a great set-to. Mike Cleary was on hand, and Charley Mitchell would have been, only he had to box with Billy Madden at Easton, Pa. Al. Hoeller gave a splendid exhibition of club-swinging, while George Hunter, Willie Serry, Tom Seery, Frank George, Master Welch, Will Moss and Henry Smith appeared in specialties. Prior to the wind-up, Charley Norton was called on the stage, and, amid a cheer from about one thousand throats, the light-weight champion ascended the stage. Richard K. Fox's representative, Wm. E. Harding, then handed Norton a velvet-colored case containing a handsome "Police Gazette" boxing medal valued at \$150. The master of ceremonies held up the trophy to the audience and said:

"Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, has sent this from New York, to be presented to Mr. Norton. This letter accompanies the beautiful and valuable trophy."

POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, March 12, 1884. To Charley Norton, light weight champion pugilist of the world:

I take great pleasure in presenting you with the "Police Gazette" light-weight champion boxing medal, to which you are justly entitled, having courageously defended its title against all comers for the past two years. This token of my esteem for the position you have achieved, I trust, will afford yourself and your many friends the satisfaction and pleasure I feel in presenting you with the same.

Believe me, very truly yours,

RICHARD K. FOX.

On behalf of Richard K. Fox, Wm. E. Harding removed the medal from the elegant case, and after holding it up to the audience, fastened it on Norton's left breast. Tremendous cheering followed.

Norton then made a rattling set-to with Mike Mulry, of Providence, and the audience retired, after witnessing the grandest athletic performance ever seen in Newark, N. J.

There are fair prospects of a prize fight with bare knuckles being arranged for \$2,000 a side and upward, between Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburg, and John Kilrain, of Boston. Since the latter fought a draw with Jim Goode at the Crib Club, Boston, sporting men at the Hub have an idea that Kilrain is a second edition of Sullivan, and they are ready to match him to fight anybody, barring the retired champion. Kilrain stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and in condition weighs 190 pounds. Some time ago, when Dominick McCaffrey issued a challenge, through the POLICE GAZETTE, to fight any man in America, the Crib Club authorized Tim McCarthy, their grand mogul, to induce the Pittsburg pugilist to come East and box Kilrain. McCaffrey agreed to go to Boston and box 6 rounds, for a purse of \$150. Feb. 7 was the date agreed on, but several days previous to that date, McCaffrey sent word that he had met with an accident which had temporarily deprived him of the use of one of his hands, and a postponement was asked for. A postponement until Feb. 20 was agreed to.

On Feb. 22 McCaffrey and his backer arrived in Boston. They intimated for the first time that the purse was not large enough. Both McCaffrey and his backers were informed that they could get outside betting to any amount desired. James Keenan, the well-known sporting man, having got an inkling of the intentions of McCaffrey, sent to Kilrain \$1,000, and during the conversation Kilrain announced to McCaffrey that he would bet him that amount upon the result. McCaffrey demurred at this, and said that he was in no condition to fight for so large a sum, but suggested a public exhibition in Ryvere Hall, where both men could "share the house." Mr. Keenan would have nothing to do with a public exhibition, and would not consent, as McCaffrey well knew, to any such proposition.

This ended this attempt, and McCaffrey made an explanation through the press. Kilrain's backer, on reading the Pittsburg pugilist's card, at once forwarded \$100 to Richard K. Fox, with the following challenge: BOSTON, March 7, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE: SIR—Having read in numerous newspapers that Dominick McCaffrey, of Pittsburg, did not refuse to fight John Kilrain, when he was in this city, please state that I offered \$1,000 in addition to the purse offered by the Crib Club, but he refused to meet Kilrain. Now, to settle the question, I will match Kilrain to box McCaffrey, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000 to \$5,000; or, I will match him to fight McCaffrey, according to London prize ring rules, for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side. To prove I mean business I have forwarded \$100 to Richard K. Fox, and when McCaffrey or his backer is eager to make a match and cover my money, I will meet him any day he may name to sign articles. JAMES KEENAN.

Richard K. Fox has received \$100, and Keenan's money proves that he means business. If McCaffrey's recent challenges were bona fide, he will pick up the gauntlet.

Forepaugh has engaged Jem Mace to appear at each of his circus performances for twenty-six weeks. Mace, with Collier, the English pugilist, will join the troupe on their arrival.

OUTLAW BOGAN CASH.

He Commits a Dastardly Double Murder in Cheraw, S. C., and Escapes.

Taking Refuge in a Swamp—The Murderer's Father Surprised and Captured.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most cowardly murders ever recorded in the South, occurred at Cheraw, S. C., on Saturday, Feb. 16, when W. B. Cash, son of Col. E. B. C. Cash, the noted duelist who killed Col. Shannon a few years ago, murdered Town Marshal Richards of that place, and a man named Coward.

The story of the murder by young Cash shows that it was a cowardly and brutal crime. Cash had been in Cheraw several days, and had had a fight with the Town Marshal, Mr. Richards. He said afterward that he had been drunk, and Richards had used him roughly. Cash promised the Intendant of the town that he would not molest Richards, and it is believed he then meant what he said, but when the Colonel came home and heard that his son had been ill-treated, he began to clean his gun, and announced that he was going to Cheraw to kill Richards. Bogan Cash, desirous of relieving his father of unnecessary trouble, took the job into his own hands, and reached Cheraw at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

He took three horses with him, and hitched them here and there in the village. Richards was leaning against a tree in the main street. Cash walked past him twice, went to the telegraph office, and then came back, and, walking up to Richards, said:

"Hello! Are you watching me?"

Richards said no; that he was on duty, that was all. Mr. Coward was standing close by.

"Damn it, are you watching me, too?" Cash asked.

His right hand was in his pocket. Coward did not reply. Cash walked away and suddenly stopped, wheeled about, and fired. His weapon was a self-cocking revolver. The shot struck Richards in the arm and killed Mr. Coward. A second shot gave Richards his death-wound, and a third missed both men. Then Cash pulled out a fresh revolver, mounted one of his horses, and set out for home. He showed to the agent of the railroad as he flew past the station:

"I've got two of them, and am ready for as many more as may come."

When he reached home the Colonel was standing on the porch, gun in hand. He embraced his son and told him it was the best deed he had ever done.

The young murderer fled and concealed himself in a swamp. The Governor, learning that no efforts had been made to arrest Cash before he escaped, sent Chief State Constable Richbourg to Cheraw to learn why Sheriff Spofford had failed to take the assassin into custody. Capt. Richbourg reported that the sheriff was feigning illness, and that his deputies would not act. The warrant had been sworn out by J. T. Monair, Intendant of Cheraw, and the Intendant and a posse of ten resolute young men had then tendered their services to the sheriff, who declined to accept them.

The Governor issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the murderer, whom he described as "about 6 feet 3 inches in height, weight about 250 pounds, and about twenty-eight years old."

The last seen of young Cash was on Monday, March 3, when he was promenading the platform at Cash's Depot, armed with a Winchester rifle. There are tea thousand acres of swamp in the immediate vicinity of his home, and in the wilderness of the Pee Dee he could doubtless evade arrest much more easily than in another State, where requisition papers could reach him and officers be found to serve them.

About midnight on March 8, Chief State Constable Richbourg, with twelve picked men, armed with improved Sharps' rifles, left Columbia and arrived at Florence at 3:30 the next morning, where they were met by Sheriff Cole, of Darlington county. Sheriff Spofford, of Chesterfield county, still being "sick," The party took another special train from Florence, and reached a point a mile below Cash's house just before daylight. The house was at once quietly surrounded, and the posse waited for daylight. At about 6 o'clock the elder Cash arose and appeared at the front door. He espied the pickets about the house, and retired within. In about five minutes he reappeared armed with a Winchester rifle and two pistols, and tried to make his escape. He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards from his house before he was confronted by John H. Pearson, one of the sentinels, who presented his rifle and demanded Cash's surrender. Cash hesitated, and Pearson said:

"Drop your gun, or I'll shoot you in two seconds."

Cash dropped his gun quickly and admitted having been taken completely by surprise. When captured he was endeavoring to make his way to a log-house across the railroad track, where young Cash was said to be sleeping. The posse then closed in and searched the Cash mansion thoroughly, but could find nothing of Bogan Cash. A party then started for the log-house. When they were half way there Col. Cash, evidently becoming alarmed for his son's safety, made a proposition to go to the log-house alone, if allowed to do so, and pledged his sacred honor that he would have his son surrender within two hours. His proposal was accepted to and the force recalled. Cash went and soon returned, saying that his son had left the house an hour before, and that he did not know where he had gone. He offered, however, if the posse would withdraw that his son would surrender before Wednesday. He frankly added that he only wanted "to come off with flying colors"; that neither he nor his son desired to be considered outlaws, but that he desired to effect a capitulation on his own terms.

The Colonel was taken to Columbia and placed in jail. Young Cash was seen on March 11 at a point about two miles from his father's house. He was mounted on a gray horse, and was armed with a rifle and two pistols. Three colored men met him. They gave him a supply of provisions and a package of newspapers and letters, after which he rode off rapidly in the direction of the Pee Dee swamp.

Cash's Depot, where the home of Col. Cash and his son, is consists of a rickety depot, a few modest dwellings, a tumble-down store, and the great frame mansion surrounded by a double piazza and situated in a grove of majestic pines. It is a fine house, but its situation in the pine barren makes it a dreary place for a home. Here Col. E. B. C. Cash lives. His son, the outlaw, made the adjacent log-house his stop-

ping-place directly after the shooting. This log-house and two stout barns are in a clearing framed with a worm-fence of pine rails. In one of these barns Cash was in the habit of taking refuge whenever any stranger approached the depot. He had a strong following, and his hiding place was picked by scouts, who watched the neighborhood and brought him hourly bulletins of what was going on in the village. Col. Cash has said that neither he nor his son would fire upon any officer of the law who may come to arrest them. He said he did not want to see his son lynched, but would see to it that he gave himself up and stood his trial like a man. The new blood the Cashes are thirsting for is that of the posse that volunteered to capture Bogan after he committed the murder.

Col. Cash was arraigned before the Supreme Court at Columbia on March 13 on a writ of *habeas corpus*. A number of affidavits were submitted by the State, the tenor of which was to show that Col. Cash was an accessory, both before and after the fact, in the murder of Town Marshal Richards, of Cheraw. The prisoner was released on \$2,500 bail.

After the Colonel had been released he was warmly congratulated by his friends, by whom he was escorted to the leading hotel for dinner, where the Colonel held an informal reception.

Bogan Cash, through one of his friends, got a citizen of Cheraw to telegraph to the Governor offering to surrender upon the condition that he should stay in Chesterfield jail until the next term of court, and be tried at that term. Gov. Thompson replied that he had no authority to make terms.

BEN THOMPSON'S DEATH.

The Noted Ex-Marshall of San Antonio, Texas, Dies at Last With His Boots On.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

Ben Thompson and Nino Fisher were shot dead in the Vaudeville theatre Tuesday night, March 11. Joe Foster was shot in the leg, and will probably die of hemorrhage. Thompson and Fisher had been drinking together, and entered the theatre in company. They met Foster in the dress circle, and some words followed, when shortly after shots were exchanged. The dress circle was quickly cleared, the occupants jumping into the parquet below and through the side windows into the street. Before the theatre was fairly cleared of its occupants 1,500 persons on the outside were clamoring at the closed doors for admittance. Shortly after the shooting Thompson's brother appeared on the scene, but was promptly arrested.

The remains of the two victims were taken in charge by a host of friends, and the obsequies have been ordered on the grandest scale, regardless of expense. The theatre where the affray occurred was the scene last year of the killing by Thompson of Jack Harris, who was the proprietor of the place. Fisher and Thompson were probably the two most desperate and widely known men in Texas. They have each killed a large number of men.

Thompson possessed a wide reputation as a man-killer. He had frequently threatened to take San Antonio, and the San Antonio police were determined he should not. His desperate ferocity when roused, his fearless disregard of his own and other lives, and his fatal proficiency in the use of the revolver were too well known to fail in acting as a warning to the employees of a house whose former owner had been killed some months ago. From the moment of his entrance to the theatre he was a doomed man.

Fisher was the younger man, but the greater desperado. He was originally from Goliad county, and his baptismal name was John King. His murders were innumerable. He was for years the captain of the celebrated Breeton gang, and in every town on the Rio Grande his name was a terror.

It is the irony of fate that men of such reputation for personal prowess as these two desperados should have been shot to death with not one life to render up in exchange for their own. Foster was accidentally shot by one of his own party.

GIUSEPPE GUIDICE.

[With Portrait.]

The trial of Giuseppe Guidice, in the Kings County Court of Sessions, for murder in the first degree, in killing Maggiorini Dagliero, resulted, on March 4, in his conviction. The crime was committed on Nov. 30, 1893, in front of No. 1 President street, Brooklyn. It was shown in evidence that the prisoner lurked in the vicinity to await his victim in the early hours of the morning, knowing when he would start for work. The jury deliberated for four hours, and then returned to the court-room, where many persons awaited the result. When the verdict, "Guilty, as indicted," was rendered, the prisoner appeared deeply moved, but soon recovered his composure. He was handcuffed and returned to Raymond Street Jail. He was brought into court on March 10, and sentenced to be hanged on Friday, May 2.

JAMES A. PARKER.

[With Portrait.]

Chief Detective A. W. Burnett, of West Virginia, arrested in Montgomery City, Mo., on Feb. 26, J. A. Parker, charged with committing a murder in Virginia on the 21 of December, 1877. The name of the man murdered was Gough. He was killed for his money, the amount obtained being \$60. Parker left Virginia after the murder and was traced to St. Louis by Detective Burnett. There the trace was lost. It appears Parker has been in Missouri some years, being married in Lincoln county, Mo. He came to Montgomery City some months ago. He is about twenty-eight years of age, has a wife and one child. It is said Parker admitted having been in the town where the murder was committed at the time it was perpetrated, but claims he is not guilty of the charge.

PATSY DUFFY.

[With Portrait.]

Patsy Duffy, the premier rider of California, is the most successful jockey that has ever mounted a running horse on the Pacific Coast. His weight is, in condition, 105 pounds. He won the Garden City cup at Chicago, with Bell's Harry Gillmore, 1893, when he defeated John Davis and Lydia Stanhope and several others. He won the Pacific cup in 1890, 1891 and 1892. During his time he has ridden Winters, Pritchard, Baldwin, Haggin & Hearst, and all the prominent horses of the stables of the Pacific Coast. He is a genial, well-behaved and unassuming young man, with a very bright prospect before him. At the present time he is engaged by Haggin & Hearst as first rider. We wish him a grand success for the coming season.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. W., Chicago.—No.
F. G., Illinois, N. Y.—Yes.
H. M. P., New York.—No.
X. Y., Foley, Mo.—A wins.
M. W., Rochester, N. Y.—No.
M. H., West Brookfield, Mass.—No.
S. J., East Mauch Chunk, Pa.—B wins.
CONSTANT READER, Rich Hill, Mo.—Yes.
D. J. W., Portland, Me.—Jack wins the game.
C. C. D., Minneapolis, Minn.—Thanks for items.
W. P., Trenton, N. J.—Lawrence is the middle name.
HARRY WORTH, Mincola, N. Y.—Second-class matter.
H. W. L., Chicago.—Yes, if you accomplished the feat.
G. W. H., Fall River, Mass.—Send on picture with record.
R. W., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Yes, according to Hoyle's latest.
L. H. K., Bedford, Iowa.—It is not necessary to hold trump.
Geo. E. Falzon, Gray Eagle, Minn.—Price of book, 50 cents.
J. C., Buffalo.—In cutting for deal in euchre, Jack is high card.
A. Youns, Newark, N. J.—Costello, the jockey, was born in New York.
G. W. BEMIS, Fair Haven.—From Currier & Ives, Nassau street, N. Y.
SWISSBROS, Fort Bayard, N. M.—No, the number is out of print.
W. E. R., Easthampton, Mass.—Thanks for cut and matter received.
M. S., Bordentown, N. J.—Tom Sayers stood 5 ft 8½ in in height.
MILLER, J., St. Louis.—No. 2. We never published the picture.
T. H. S., Georgetown, Ky.—Harry Jennings, 385 Broome street, this city.
Geo. M. WALKER, Davenport, Iowa.—Send \$1.35 to this office for the book.
B. W., Scranton, Pa.—Send a forfeit, and we will publish your challenge.
READER, Youngstown, Ohio.—Your wager on the City Council is a draw.
F. C., Saco, Maine.—Yankee Sullivan never killed a man in the prize ring.
TODD MACE, Providence.—See answer to G. M. Walker, Davenport, Iowa.
W. M. T., Manchester, Plainville.—See answer to H. W. S., Wheeling, W. Va.
W. L. F., Brownsville, Texas.—Henry Collin & Co., 79 Nassau street, N. Y.
J. VAN S., Portsmouth, Va.—We will use the photo at the earliest opportunity.
CITY ICE BOAT, Philadelphia, Pa.—On the evening of Thursday, March 1, 1893.
H. S., Rochester, N. Y.—A trade dollar was never recognized as a legal tender.
J. L., Albany, N. Y.—Your portrait is being engraved, and will appear shortly.
S. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—George W. Weisgerber was born Feb. 24, 1854. 2. No.
H. G., Philadelphia, Pa.—Constable, the English jockey, died on Feb. 17, 1891.
E. L. DeQUARR, Franklin Co., Vermont.—Send \$10, and we will mail you a pair.
COLUMBIA STREET, Utica, N. Y.—He will be twenty-six years of age next October.
H. M., Boston, Mass.—Richard K. Fox still owns "Police Gazette" (Emma S.).
P. N. HANSEN, Chelsea, Mass.—Address editor Times-Democrat, New Orleans, La.
JERRY NEVINS, Nebraska.—J wins. There is no foundation for L.'s statement.
CONSTANT READER, Mahanoy City.—Yes, both paper and supplement, price 10 cents.
D. J. W., Hoboken, N. J.—Address Billy Edwards, care of Hoffman House, this city.
P. H. S., Rochester, N. Y.—The American News Co., 41 Chambers street, this city.
P. F. NEVILLAND, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We cannot give you the information you desire.
W. H. S., Canton, Ohio.—Acker, Merrill & Co., and B. W. Allen & Co. both of this city.
R. D. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.—If you desire your checker challenge published, send a forfeit.
M. G., Port Richmond, S. I.—George Slosson was born in De Kalb, N. Y., March 5, 1854.
J. M., Bridgeport, Conn.—No. 2. Write to James Keenan, 35 Kneeland street, Boston.
W. A. H., Auburn, N. Y.—Your scheme would not pay. 2. Send your photo and record.
M. S., Baltimore, Md.—1. We answer no correspondents by mail. 2. Send your portrait.
J. O. B., Pittsford, N. Y.—Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, was born in Birmingham, England.
J. R., Grand Island, Col.—Send \$8, and we will forward you a standard pair of boxing-gloves.
H. A. G., New Haven, Conn.—Send \$2, and we will mail you a book giving all the information.
J. S., Kensington, Philadelphia.—Do not know positively, but suppose about twenty-five years.
D. B., New York city.—We do not desire to enter you or any pedestrian in the April six-day race.
A. L., Auburn, Maine.—John C. Keenan's second, John McDonald, was born in Dublin, Ireland.
D. S., Duluth.—McLaughlin never defeated James Owens. It was Owens that defeated McLaughlin.
CAPT. JOHN WILLIAMS, New Orleans, La.—No challenge recognized unless accompanied by a forfeit.
J. A., Cleveland, Ohio.—It was Jerry Eaton. The affray occurred on June 11, 1868, at Philadelphia.
B. B., Albany, N. Y.—Write to the Boston Globe, Boston, Mass., and you will get the information you desire.
P. P. W. B., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. Always glad to receive news. 3. We have no representative.
F. R. S., Pierceville, Pa.—1. The parties were never matched. 2. Will forward rules on receipt of 10 cents.
S. D. L., Milton, Pa.—1. Consult your town authorities. 2 and 3. Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, this city.
J. D., Providence, R. I.—They never fought as opponents in the ring, but they did engage in a bar-room row.
W. F., Allegheny, Pa.—1. Banner of Light and Voice of Angels, both published in Boston, Mass. 2. No.
MRS. ELIZABETH DAY, Fall River, Mass.—Address Charles Day, manager Forepaugh's Circus, Philadelphia, Pa.
P. H. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Your questions were answered. If you let us know the book you want we will furnish it.
W. M., Detroit, Mich.—We have already published Col. J. H. McLaughlin's photo and record in the Police Gazette.
D. C. N., Greenville, Texas.—1. Matter you sent was useless without names of parties. 2. Thanks for your kindness.
J. COLVILLE, Co. C, Seventh Infantry, Ft. Laramie, W. T.—"Waterford Jack," in Waterford, Ireland, 1855; died 1865.
M. W., Pottsville, Pa.—George Smith, of Pittsburg, did win a Sheffield handicap. On June 7, 1891, at Newall, England.
E. C. D., Bellevue, Ohio.—Send us a photo with names of the parties underneath. The one you forwarded has no names.
ALL FOURS, Raleigh, N. C.—A good set of gloves will cost \$8.00; book of instruction, 30 cents. Both can be had at this office.
F. N., State street, Chicago.—Write to James Keenan, 95 Portland street, Boston. The dog is owned by a party in Boston.
F. E. H., Navasoto, Texas.—Send 60 cents to this office for copy each of "American Athlete" and "Donnelly's Art of Boxing."
T. Q., New York.—Read the Police Gazette and Fox's Week's Doings, and you will find out what we thought of the decisions.
G. A. DAWSON, Fayette Co., Pa.—Write to Robert Mace, Centerville, Newcastle Co., Del. He has a great breed of game fowls.
SCHWENKER, Baltimore, Md.—The park is closed at 9 P. M. in the spring and summer seasons, and at 6 P. M. in the winter season.
F. FREDERICKS, Catawissa, Pa.—1. Thirty-two takes first and second prizes; 31 third prize. 2. Broome won in 57 rounds; time, 1h 19m.
J. A. SMITH, La Porte, Ind.—Will forward Police Gazette to

any address in U. S. or Canada; price \$1.00 per year, payable in advance.
M. S. W., Pottsville, Pa.—The Sullivan combination route is Los Angeles, through Arizona to Texas, and thence to New Orleans.
T. H. P., Detroit, Mich.—1. It is optional with referee to do so. 2. The rules as printed govern all contests, and will decide your question.
J. J. B., Lowell, Mass.—Paddy Ryan did win first fall, and threw Sullivan in the battle; they fought at Mississippi City, Feb. 7, 1892.
A. BLANCHARD, Fort Spokane, W. T.—Patrick McGowan was shot and killed by policeman John Delaney on the morning of Jan. 2, 1893.
MARTIN, New York.—Jim Flisk was shot and killed Saturday, Jan. 6, 1872; his assailant was sentenced to, and served, 4 years in Sing Sing Prison.
P. P. P., Meadville, Ind. Ty.—Alaska. New York to Queenstown, 6 days 18 hours 37 minutes; Queenstown to N. Y., 6 days 21 hours 40 minutes.
J. S., Peoria, Ill.—"The American Athlete," published by Richard K. Fox, is the standard book for athletes who engage in running and walking.
P. DWYER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—John Morrissey was born at Templemore, Ireland, in 1831, and died at Saratoga, N. Y., May 1, 1878, aged forty-seven years.
A. READER, Middletown, New York.—1. Daniel O'Leary was born at Clonkelly, Ireland, June 23, 1846. 2. He stands 5 ft 7½ in in height and weighs 160 lbs.
C. J., BOSTON, Sherman, N. Y.—1. The ace hand wins. 2. The ball does not count; he should have taken such precaution as would prove an accident.
CHAS. E. BOSJOR, Newark, N. J.—Sarony, Union Square; Marc Gumbler, 16 West Fourteenth street, and John Wool, 208 Bowery, are among the best in their profession.
W. B. C., Boston, Mass.—1. Unknown. 2. Location, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. 3. Clarence Whitaker, born Jan. 12, 1856, near Delphi, Carroll county, Indiana.
J. O. G., Vinkla, I. T.—We cannot inform you the value of the coin. If you write to the Treasury Department, at Washington, you will probably gain the information.
REYN HILL STONE, Bakers Co., Mo.—1. Elliott was knocked out in 3 rounds when he met Sullivan. 2. Tug Wilson did not knock Sullivan down when they fought.
T. E. JULIEN, Butte, Montana.—Feather, under 115; light, 115 to 140; middle, 140 to 155; heavy, above 155, ("Police Gazette" revised Marquis of Queensberry boxing rules).
W. H. G., Baltimore.—Jim Ward, the ex-champion pugilist of England, visited New York, and gave an exhibition at the Old Bowery Theatre (now the Thalia), on June 23, 1868.
J. B. H., Cleveland, Ohio.—Sullivan and Coburn sparred together at the latter's benefit in Madison Square Garden, this city; also at exhibitions in Albany and Troy, this State.
J. M., Robertsdale, Ill.—Richard A. Pennell, on Jan. 31, 1874, put up a 20½-pound dumb-bell, which was the best performance of the kind on record until Robinson beat it at San Francisco.
H. B. C., Gallatin, Tenn.—1. Joe Fowler, of Bristol, England, claims to be the feather-weight champion of the world. 2. Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., holds the title of light-weight champion.
SAMBO, New Britain, Conn.—1. Lew Alinsworth and Harry Hill wrestled for the collar-and-rib championship of America, at Mozart Hall, New York city, on April 14, 1863. 2. Harry Hill won.
M. S., Oakland, Cal.—Bill Poole was born in Sussex county, N. J., in 1823. He died March 15, 1855, from the effects of a gun-shot wound, received in an affray at Stanwix Hall, Broadway, New York.
N. B.—We answer no correspondents by mail. All of our patrons desiring information will have their favors cheerfully replied to through the answer to correspondents column in the Police Gazette.
S. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. The New York Fire Department, for discipline, system and promptness in making ready, has no equal in the world. 2. Tom King weighed 132 lbs and Mace 178 lbs, the last time they fought.
W. G., Toledo, Ohio.—Tom Iyer and John Morrissey agreed to fight at the Abbey, N. Y., on Oct. 20, 1854. It was not Morrissey that proposed to fight with pistols, but Iyer produced revolvers and agreed to fight with them.
F. O. W., New York city.—A professional athlete is one who competes for money or makes a livelihood by a athletic games. An amateur is an athlete who does not compete for money or engage in contests as a means of support.
J. M., Elmira, N. Y.—1. If you read the Police Gazette regularly, you must have read our criticism on the sketches of the Irish champions. 2. We said they were not correct, authentic or reliable, and proved it by dates and facts.
S. M., Dunkirk, N. Y.—1. Jem Mace beat Tom King and the latter defeated Jem Mace. 2. King won the last battle. 3. On Jan. 28, 1892, Mace beat King in 43 rounds, lasting 63m. On Nov. 26, 1892, King beat Mace in 18 rounds, lasting 38m.
M. S., St. Louis, Mo.—John Jackson, better known as Gentleman Jackson, was born in London, England, on Sept. 25, 1769. He beat Fawcett and Mendoza, and was beaten by George the Brewer. Jackson died at No. 4 Grosvenor street, London, Oct. 7, 1845.
J. H. S., Leaville, Col.—1. Jem Mace and Joe Goss fought three times. 2. It was their second match that ended in a draw, and it was fought at Longfield Court, near Meopham, Eng., May 24, 1866. There was only one round fought in 1h and 15m, and then the referee declared the battle a draw.
CHAS. PHILLIPS, Ft. Pitt, N. W. T., Canada.—1. Sullivan and Mitchell fought with gloves at Madison Square Garden, this city, on May 14, 1883. 2. The fight was stopped by the police in the third round. 3. We have no record. 4. Edward Hanlan was born in Toronto, Canada, on July 12, 1855. 5. Capt. A. H. Bogardus, of Elkhart, I. I.
H. W. S., Wheeling, W. Va.—1. The American News Co., 41 Chambers street, this city, will furnish book. 2. By G. W. Hamilton, 14 ft 5½ in. 3. George Seward, in England, 9½, not authentic. 4. Jim Shaw's dog Jacko, London, England, killed 25 rats, 1,228, Aug. 30, 1861; 60 rats, 2,431, July 19, 1862; 100 rats, 5,228, May 1, 1862; 200 rats, 14,377, June 10, 1862; 1,000 rats in less than 100m, May 1, 1862.
J. S., London, Canada.—1. Mile. Armaindo is a native of Canada. 2. She is 24 years of age, stands 5 ft 7½ in in height, and in condition weighs 135 lbs. Armaindo's first long-distance race was when she attempted to ride 600 miles in 7h at St. Louis, Mo., on March 19-20, 1892. She covered 617½ miles, which was then the best long-distance record in America. May 21-26, 1893, in Chicago, she rode against W. M. Woolf and W. J. Morgan, for the championship of America, and defeated both these famous professional riders, making her grand record of 841 1-11 miles.
NOAH YOUNG, Williamsburg, Col.—The fastest passage of the S. S. City of Paris was on her trip from Queenstown to New York in 1867. She left Queenstown at 4:11 P. M. on Nov. 21, and arrived at New York at 2:53 P. M. on the 29th, which, after adding 4h 28m for difference of time, makes the time of passage 8 days, 3 hours and 1 minute. The fastest passage of an American steamer was that of the City of Berlin, which left Queenstown Oct. 5, 1877, at 7 P. M., and arrived at New York Oct. 13 at 4:30 A. M.; net time, 7 days, 14 hours and 12 minutes.
M. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. Col. J. H. McLaughlin defeated H. M. Dufur, at Detroit, Mich., Jan. 29, 1885, and on March 3, 1886. The conditions were collar-and-rib, "Police Gazette" rules. 2. The following are the measurements of Dufur and McLaughlin: Height—McLaughlin, 6 ft; Dufur, 6 ft. Waist—McLaughlin, 40 in; Dufur, 34 in. Thigh—McLaughlin, 27 in; Dufur, 26 in. Calf—McLaughlin, 18 in; Dufur, 16 in. Biceps—McLaughlin, 15 in; Dufur, 16 in. Forearm—McLaughlin, 16½ in; Dufur, 15 in. Chest—McLaughlin, 45 in; Dufur, 43 in. Weight—McLaughlin, 205 lbs; Dufur, 190 lbs.
G. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. Nat Lancham fought several battles besides his battle with Tom Sayers. Lancham beat Ellis at Hinkley, England, Feb. 3, 1843, in 8 rounds; beat Toddy Lowe in 43 rounds, 59m, at Long Reach, in 1841; beat D. Campbell in 27 rounds, 35m, near London, England, June 12, 1845; beat Gutteridge in 85 rounds, 93m, at Bourne, England, Sept. 24, 1846; beat Bill Sparks, the Australian champion, in 67 rounds, 82m, at Working Common, England, May 4, 1847; beat Tom Sayers in 61 rounds, 2h 2m, at Lakenhead, Oct. 18, 1845; fought a draw with Ben Caunt, at 196 lbs, for \$200 a side, on the R. R. midway, Sept. 22, 1857. 69 rounds were fought in 1h 22m. 2. Lancham was twenty-three years of age when he fought and defeated Tom Sayers. 3. He stood 5 ft 10 in in height and weighed 154 lbs. Sayers weighed 151 lbs, and was twenty-seven years old. 4. Lancham never fought Aaron Jones.



HARRY S. SANDERSON.

[Photo by Sparks, Ithica]



BELLA MOORE.

[Photo by Mora.]

Thomas J. Ripley.

The favorite young American artist, whose portrait we give in this issue, is swiftly placing himself in the front line of his profession. As a topical vocalist, his success is unprecedented. The points he introduces have that merit of originality which invariably commands applause. The latest hits at the follies of the hour are vividly and comically portrayed, and wherever he has appeared his gems of sensational and comic vocalisms have met with rapturous applause. Mr. Ripley was born in the City of New York some twenty-five years ago.

Bella Moore.

Miss Bella Moore is a brilliant and charming young protean actress, who has made quite a hit this season as *Chip* in "Fogg's Ferry," and as *Dew Drop, the Wait*. She has made her principal triumphs in the West, but proposes to conquer the East in the near future.

A "Boss" Desperado.

Many people in Harrisburg, Pa., recollect Charles Foulke, a somewhat famous gambler and desperado, who some years ago was a resident of Carlisle, Pa. While living at that place many crimes were laid at his door, the most

defense. Every one acquainted with the facts of the case were convinced that the defense was a perjured one and cooked up as the only means of saving Foulke. After his trial Foulke left Carlisle and went West. It is nearly or about three years since he was last seen in Harrisburg. He went to Leadville, where he prospered as a gambler, and rapidly accumulated a large amount of money. There he was known among the sporting fraternity as "a bad man," and all of the gamblers, no matter how old or hardened, acknowledged him as "the boss." After a time he left Leadville and turned up in Hot Springs, Ark. Not only is he the leading gambler in that Southern resort, but he has asserted his importance and leadership by taking charge of the administration of justice there. The desperadoes who recently shot five men there are his friends, and he is taking active measures to save them from punishment. Foulke is yet a young man, full of pluck and determination. He is described as being a stranger to fear, but those who know

him well expect that he will yet meet his match, and bite the dust with the aid of somebody's shooting-iron. His history is a remarkable one.

Harry Sanderson.

No man in the amusement profession in New York is better or more favorably known than the genial business manager of Tony Pastor's. He has a host of friends, and once a year they testify their esteem by turning out *en masse* to attend his benefit. The afternoon of April 3 will this year witness that event, and Tony Pastor's theatre be the scene of it. The only pity is that it don't come off at the Academy of Music. If it did fewer people would be disappointed of seats.

Bibby Studying Japanese Styles.

The novel wrestling match between Edwin Bibby and Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese

champion, is fully described in our sporting columns. It was the first contest of the kind that ever occurred in this country, and warrants the illustration which we give from original sketches by one of our special artists.

A "Minister" of Sin.

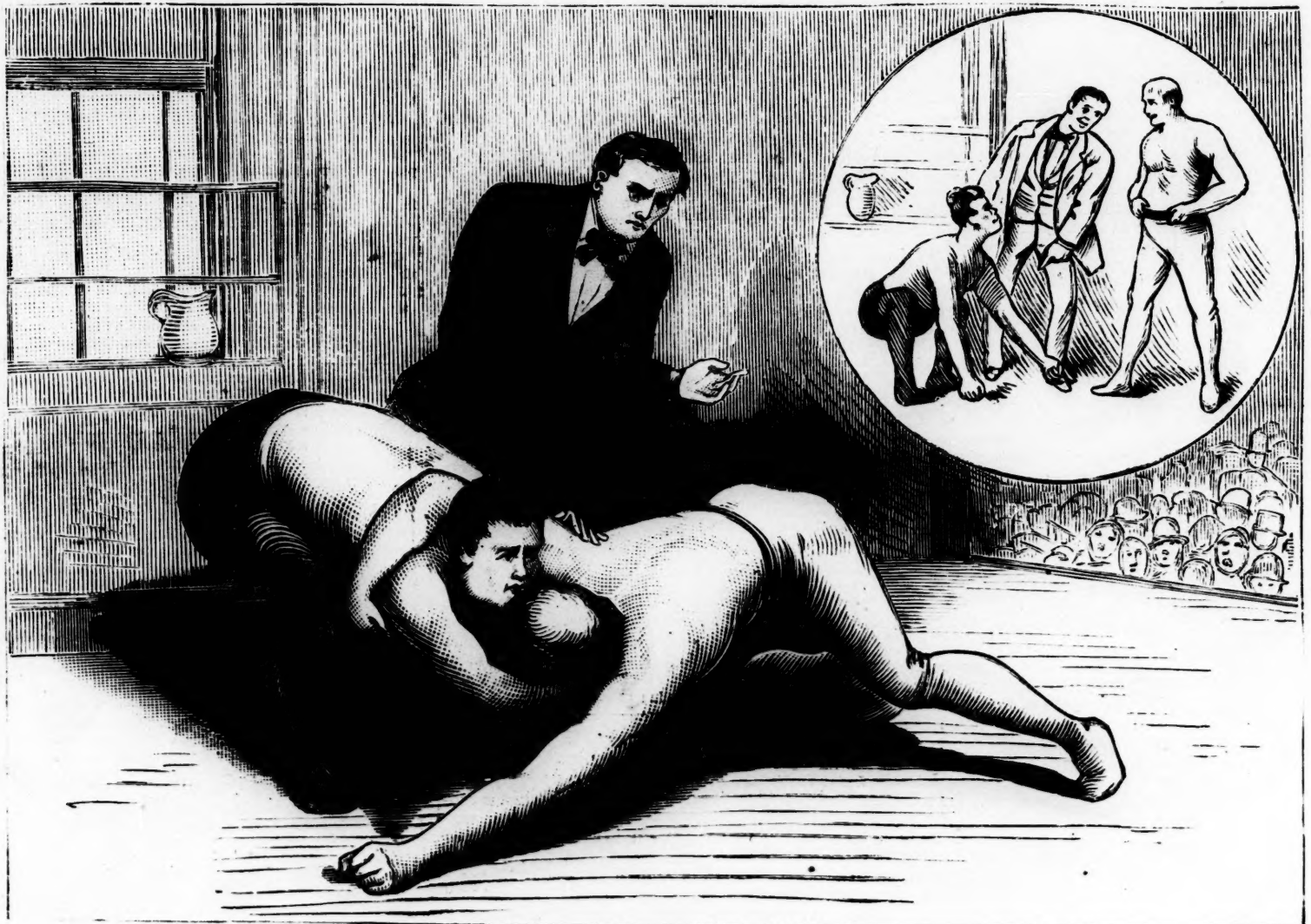
Charles H. Derby, a self-styled Congregational clergyman, who went to Branford, Conn., three weeks ago, has disappeared in company with Mrs. Horatio Culver, the wife of a young well-to-do sailor. Derby cultivated the acquaintance of a young man twenty years of age, named James Hoyle, whom, with Hoyle's young married sister, Mrs. Charles Day, he persuaded to join himself and Mrs. Culver on their departure for parts unknown. The two husbands, Culver and Day, are frantic with rage. Derby decamped about a month ago from Fair-Haven, taking the funds of a lodge of Good Templars, of which he was treasurer, and leaving behind a sick wife.



THOMAS J. RIPLEY,

THE FAVORITE YOUNG AMERICAN VOCALIST AND CHARACTER ACTOR.

serious of which was a charge of murder. Foulke and a man named Marshall were indicted for the crime. Marshall was tried first and acquitted, and then Foulke was placed on trial, and it was believed he would certainly be convicted. Those who entertained that opinion were disappointed, Marshall coming to his rescue by swearing that he had done the killing in self-



BIBBY STUDYING JAPANESE STYLES.

THE WRESTLING MATCH IN NEW YORK BETWEEN EDWIN BIBBY AND MATSADA SORAKICHI, WHICH ENDED IN DEFEAT FOR THE FORMER BUT GAVE HIM NEW EXPERIENCE IN TWISTS AND LOCKS.

John Dempsey.

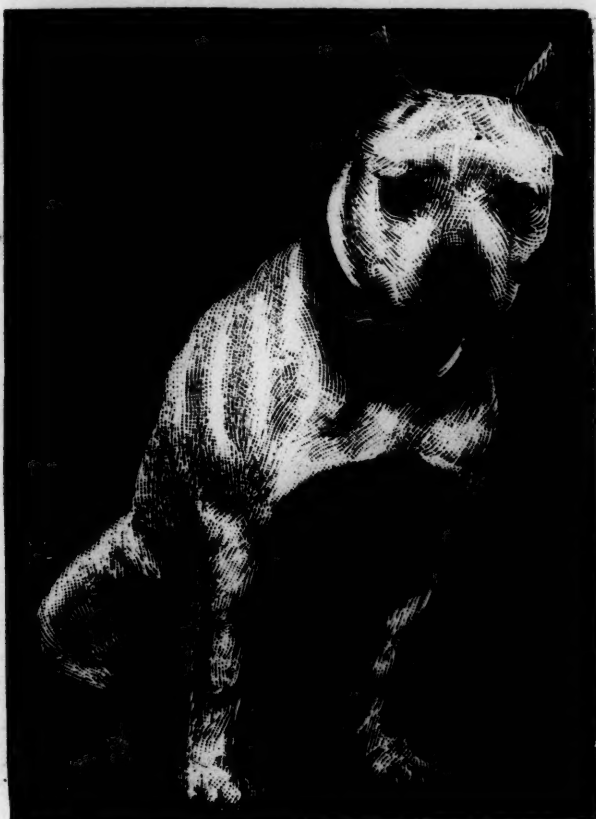
In this issue we publish a portrait of John Dempsey, the well-known light-weight pugilist, who recently fought Billy Dacey, and who is now matched to fight Patrick McCausland, better known as Young English. In our last issue we published the full record of this popular and successful pugilist.

John Kilrain.

We publish in this number the first picture of John Kilrain, of Boston, a noted pugilist, who is to face Charley Mitchell, the English champion, in the arena at Mechanics' Institute, Boston.

**EDWARD KENDALL,**

AN ACTOR WHO ONCE HELD THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP OF MASSACHUSETTS.

**JENNIE,**

A THOROUGHBRED BULL TERRIER, PROPERTY OF MR. F. H. RAY, COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

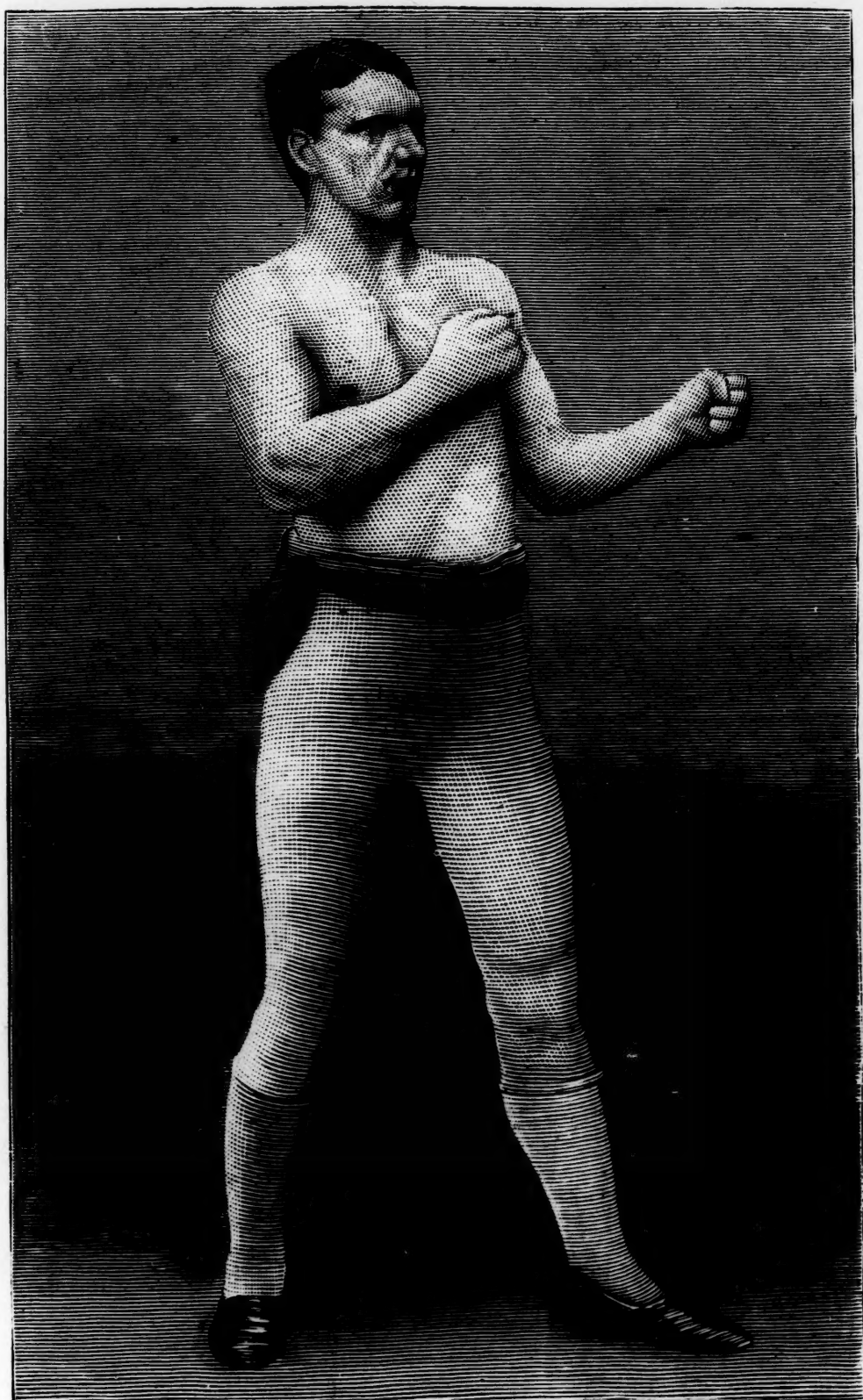
on March 26. Kilrain is looked upon as a second John L. Sullivan. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and weighs in condition 175 pounds. He is a clever two-handed boxer, possesses great courage, and is confident that he can defeat any man of his weight in America. Kilrain has fought one rattling contest with gloves, and proved that he was both scientific and possessed the staying powers necessary to make a pugilist. His opponent was Jem Goode. They contended for a purse. Six rounds were fought, and the affair ended in a draw. Kilrain

Jennie.

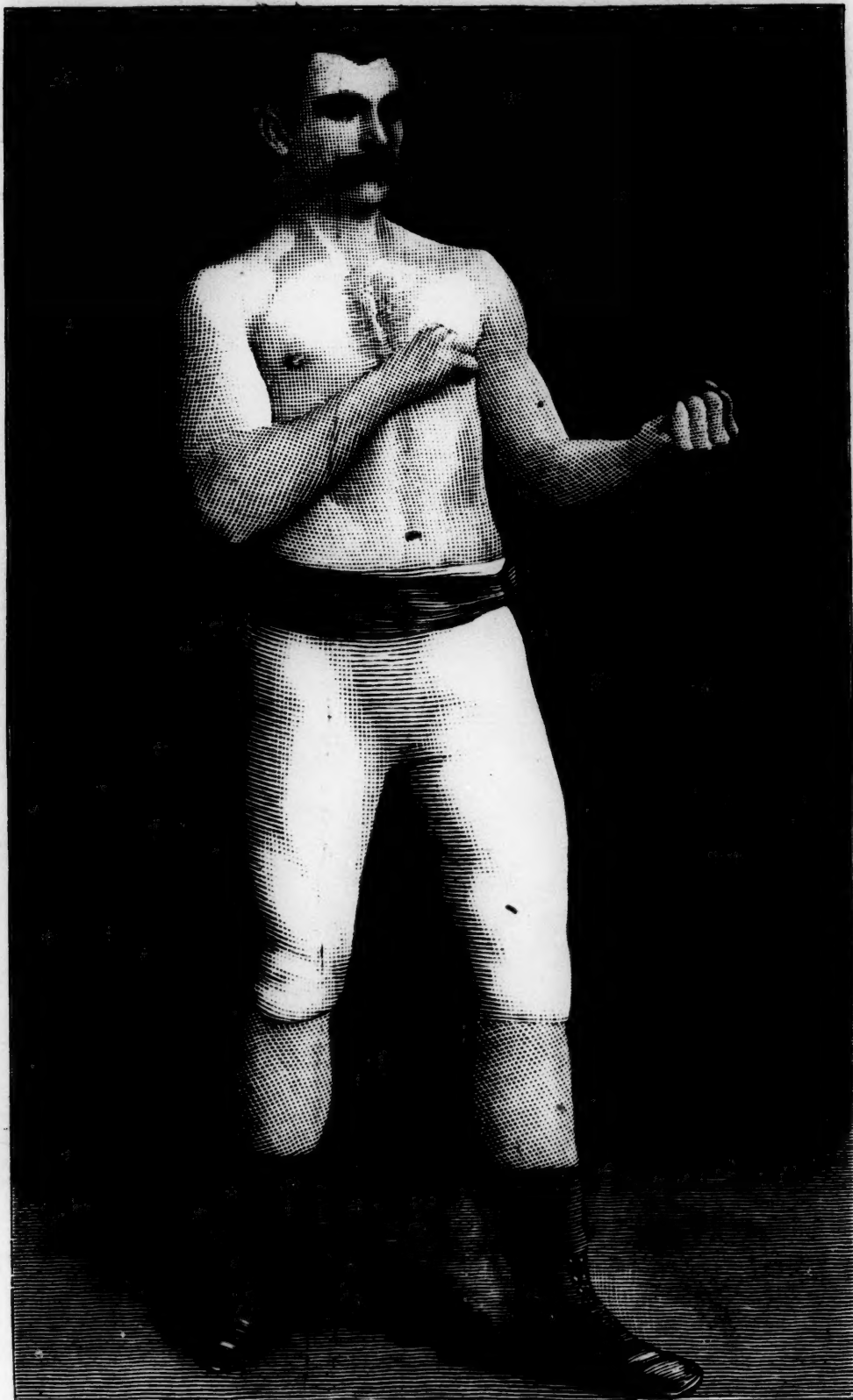
We publish a portrait of Jennie, a thoroughbred bull-terrier, the property of Mr. F. H. Ray, of Colorado Springs, Col. She is eighteen months old, and weighs 34½ pounds. She is a daughter of Chicago Jack, out of an imported bitch. She lately had a bout with a 20-pound badger, and so completely used it up in 20 minutes that it had to be killed the next day.

**PATSY DUFFY,**

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., THE CHAMPION JOCKEY OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

**JOHN DEMPSEY,**

THE FAMOUS LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**JOHN KILRAIN,**

THE NOTED BOSTON PUGILIST, MATCHED TO FIGHT CHARLEY MITCHELL.

[Photo by John Wood.]

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN

SPORTING NEWS.

A MATCH has been arranged between Whistler and Mulholland for \$1,000 a side. It will be decided in San Francisco.

JIM HURST has issued a challenge to fight any man in Canada from \$100 to \$500, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules.

DUNCAN C. ROSS, the champion athlete of the world, is coming money in his new venture at Cleveland, Ohio. He is now worth over \$25,000.

It is to be regretted that the rule allowing a player to overrun second and third bases was not considered. Its adoption is but a question of time.

In the 20-yard race for eight-month-old puppies, at the Pastime Park, Philadelphia, Gallagher's Lucy won by 2 yards. Alfie's Lemon was second.

The fight arranged to take place at Buffalo, N. Y., on March 8, between El. Sheehan and Dan Gallagher did not come off; Sheehan paying forfeit.

BILL GOODE, who recently defeated Dick Roberts and Pat Perry in England, has issued a challenge to fight Jack Burke, who fought a draw with Charles Mitchell.

At Boston recently, in a three-ball cushion cartoon game, John Morse defeated Moses Yatter by 200 to 142 points. The winner's average was 22.49. The game lasted 15 min.

JIM MACC will sail from England for New York, on April 10. He will bring Fred. Collier, the pugilist, with him. Macc will match Collier to box Mitchell or Sullivan.

The six-ball rule will worry wild pitchers extensively. It will help such pitchers as McCormick, Carman, Whitney, Keefe and Matthews, who have excellent control of the sphere.

DETROIT will have a pool tournament this month. The entries are Frey, Malone, King, Sutton, Lambert, Shaw, Leonard, Dunkelmann, and a few new players. The prizes will amount to \$500.

NUMEROUS papers have been announcing that George H. Lorillard had retired from the turf, and that he would sell his racing stable. We are glad to announce there is no truth in the rumor.

The 120-yard foot-race, for a purse of \$1,000, between William Hough, of Leavittsburg, Ohio, and Skates Graham, of Allegheny, Pa., took place over the Exposition track at Pittsburg on March 8.

DOMINICK McCaffrey, of Pittsburg, who would not meet Kilrain, has, it is said, determined not to face Thompson, of Cleveland, for reasons similar to those that caused the former match to fail through.

JAMES MARSH has made a wager with a one-legged man from Boston to walk from Cleveland to Erie in 20 hours. The performance will be given in early summer, and the one who gets there first takes the wealth.

The glove fight between Jack Layton, of Buffalo, and Dan Gallagher fell through. Gallagher says he is willing to arrange a soft glove match with any one in the city, and is willing to post a forfeit at any time with Richard K. Fox.

PAYMASTER CUNNINGHAM, of the U. S. Navy, returned from Washington, D. C., on March 11, and called upon Richard K. Fox. Col. Cunningham is a great admirer of all sporting events, and is well up on the hit, stop and counter question.

WM. B. CURTIS, the athletic editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, recently fell and injured his right shoulder. Curtis is one of the strongest men in the world, and has lifted 13,200 lbs. His many friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Curtis was not seriously injured.

FRANK J. CRYSLER and Johnny Williams, known as clever exponents of the buckskins, are to be the recipients of a testimonial by the Williamsburgh Athletic Club on Tuesday evening, March 23. All the champions, both professional and amateur, have promised to appear.

HANLAN's match with the Australian sculler, Laycock, is for \$1,000. The Toronto oarsman will receive \$300 for expenses and one-third of the gate money. Trickett, Irish and Edwards are eager to meet the champion, but their inducements were not as large as Laycock's.

At Philadelphia, on March 3, at a meeting of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, the objectionable rules adopted by the inter-collegiate conference held in New York, Feb. 1, for the government of inter-collegiate athletic sports were submitted to the Board and rejected.

At Lancaster, Pa., on March 4, the Keystone Baseball Association was formed of clubs from Chester, Lancaster, York, Carlisle, West Chester and Littlestown. The playing rules of the American Association were adopted, and the president was authorized to sign the national agreement.

The total amount of money collected in England for the widow and orphans of the late Capt. Webb, who perished in his attempt to swim the Niagara whirlpool, is \$3,296. This sum has been placed on deposit at the Union Bank, Chancery Lane, London, pending the arrival of Mrs. Webb in England.

A new racing circuit, called the Kentucky and E. D. & E. Air Line Racing Circuit, was organized at Mattoon, Ill., recently. Editor Dondell, of Peoria, Ill., is President, and H. E. Holmes, of Mattoon, Secretary. Dates were fixed for Madisonville, Ky., May 13; Evansville, Ind., May 20; Olney, May 27; Mattoon, June 3; Peoria, June 10.

GEORGE H. HOSMER, of Boston, and Alfred Hamm, now of New Bedford, signed articles March 10, to row a three-mile race for \$500, the course, date, and referee to be decided upon at another meeting, to be held on May 12. The articles called for a race not later than June 20. Both men deposited \$100 forfeit. James Keenan, of Boston, is Hamm's backer.

How long would it take Mervine Thompson to conquer Sullivan when Smith, the colored heavy weight, managed to give him a great battle for 9 rounds? Or how long would it take Sullivan to knock out Thompson? are two conundrums sporting men are trying to solve. When Sullivan meets Thompson the question will readily be settled beyond dispute.

JOE PENDERGAST, Dominick McCaffrey, Mike Cleary, Mike Donovan, John Kilrain, Mervine Thompson, Paddy Ryan, John Flood, Jim Goode, William Sheriff and Charles Mitchell have been invited to participate in the boxing tournament proposed by Billy Madden. As great big soft gloves are to be used "Paddy Ryan" may be induced to enter.

At the Cincinnati dog show J. Englehardt, of Cincinnati, won the first prize for Italian greyhounds with Gyp. The Michigan silver cup, donated for the best and largest exhibition of toy dogs, also went to J. Englehardt, who, besides winning first with Little

Bo-Peep in the open pug class, won four other special prizes, besides getting highly mentioned for his magnificent exhibit.

A CABLE dispatch says: "The receiver in bankruptcy of William Day, the horse trainer, has made a statement to the effect that 'Plunger' Walton owed Day \$175 for keeping a horse; that Day tried to get the money, but failed, and that Walton was so heavily involved that Day was willing to sell the debt for \$100, but received no offers."

At a meeting of the Irish Athletic Club, at Boston, March 4, the following officers were elected: President, Robert O'Dwyer; vice-president, J. H. Costello; treasurer, Col. L. J. Logan; secretary, D. P. Toomey; financial secretary, John Cuddy; trustees, John Dunn, John Donohoe and Joseph Keyes. The club voted to celebrate St. Patrick's day by giving a supper and entertainment at the society's hall.

At Chicago, on March 7, Mike Conroy, a Cleveland slugger, and Dave Welsh, an employee of the Pullman car shops, settled an old feud by a ring fight with bare knuckles, according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. Eight rounds were fought, after which the contestants wore a raw-liver appearance. Welsh was declared the victor. As an offset to his bruises, the crowd made up a purse of \$40 for Conroy.

A TEN-MILE heel-and-toe walking match between William O'Keefe, formerly of the Manhattan Athletic Club, of this city, and Walter Hall, of the Star Athletic Club of Long Island City, came off at the Star Athletic's gymnasium, Hunter's Point, recently. The prize, a gold medal, valued at \$5, was won by Hall. O'Keefe only walked 7 miles, and seeing that he could not win the race withdrew.

At Sweeney's handball court in New York, on March 12, there was a four handed handball match, in which four of the best players in the country took part. Ex-Alderman Phil Casey, the United States champion, and P. H. Smith, of St. Louis, the champion of Missouri, were on one side, and ex-Alderman James Dunne and Will Courtney, of Brooklyn, were on the other. The match was the best three out of five, and all five games had to be played. The game was won by Messrs. Dunne and Courtney.

CHARLEY LLOYD, better known as Cockney Charley, has run away from Boston. Cockney Charley is the owner of Pilot and Paddy. The former was the hero of the great battle at Louisville with Low Krigger's Cribb for \$2,000. It appears Charley was arrested for dog-fighting and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He appealed the case, gave bonds, and then sold out, and with his dogs went to St. John, N. B. Sporting men in Boston say his absence is better than his company.

JACK SHUMATE, the twirler of the St. Louis Grays has got, it is said, a new curve which he calls the patent combined tripartite quadruplex quiver. The ball will appear to the batsman as though it took three curves at once and appear four-cornered, and he will be dead sure to strike at and miss it. In fact, it is claimed that the only possible way the batsman can hit the ball is to turn a double so as to get just before the ball reaches him and strike at the southwest corner of the square-appearing ball as he comes to his feet again.

A DOG fight between "Nigger," weighing 35½ lbs, the property of a Philadelphia sporting man, and "Tom," weighing 31 lbs, owned by a noted New York sporting man, was fought on March 13, in a hotel in East New York. The fight was for \$500 a side. Nigger had the call in the betting at \$50 to \$40. A man called "Jersey" handled Nigger, and Paddy Rogers handled Tom. The struggle lasted 1½ min., and was ended by Tom killing Nigger. It was one of the best fights ever witnessed. Tom is a white with black spots, and this is his seventh victory.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: L. Alanzopania, Doc. Baggs, John Conners, Charles Courtney (2), Tom Cannon (2), Peter Duryea, C. Duncan, Frank C. Dobson, Mike Donovan, Dick Garvin, James Giddings, Harry Herber, F. Herbert, Alonzo Hiwanda, Ed. Hanlan, J. F. Jacoby, Franz Kuzner, Thomas King (2), Geo. W. Leo, Harry Monroe, Wm. Mantell, Geo. W. Moore, Wm. Muldon (2), E. Pidgeon, Chas. Rowell, Wallace Ross, June Rankin, Frank Rose, John L. Sullivan (2), Mr. Sparks, Jos. Shannon, Miss Minnie Vernon.

At London, Canada, on March 5, the Grand Opera House was packed by sporting men who expected to witness a glove fight between Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, and Jack Stewart, the heavy-weight champion. The Chief of Police had arrested both of the pugilists, but on Duncan C. Ross procuring bonds and making the Chief of Police understand that there would be no slugging, Thompson and Stewart were allowed to box. The audience was disappointed, but Stewart and Thompson appeared and boxed six rounds, which, under the circumstances, were satisfactory.

ON March 9 a great fight between the celebrated dog Paddy, owned by Dan Kane, and Spring, owned by James Green, trained and handled by Billy Gale, champion endurance pedestrian, took place two and a half miles back of Covington, Ky., and resulted in Paddy winning in 1½. It was an evenly-contested battle for half an hour, when Paddy's condition and hard biting turned the tide and resulted in the death of Spring. This is Paddy's third fight. He killed each of his opponents in the short time of one hour. Paddy is open to fight any dog in the country. Paddy weighed 26 lbs; Spring, 27 lbs.

EVERYTHING connected with the prize fight between Jack Keenan and James Mitchell is going on all right. Squire Wm. McMullen, of Philadelphia, has been chosen final stakeholder. At a recent meeting between the pugilists and their backers at Arthur Chambers' sporting saloon, 922 Ridge avenue, choice of fighting-ground was tossed for, and Joe Gaffney, of Trenton, Keenan's backer, won. The fight is to be decided on March 25, within 100 miles of Philadelphia. Both pugilists are training, and leaving no stone unturned to reduce their weight and harden their muscles. Jack Welch, of Philadelphia, is training Keenan, while Mitchell is being looked after by Wm. Sheriff and his backer, Arthur Chambers.

At East New York, on March 12, the dog fight between the fighting-dogs Jumbo, a white animal, with black spots, and the brindle dog John, attracted a large crowd. The dogs weighed 39 lbs, and fought for \$500. The fight ended unsatisfactorily. Jumbo, after a desperate battle, had John on his back. He would certainly have killed him but for his handler, who picked him up to take him to his corner for a scratch. As he did, John had Jumbo's tail in his mouth, and the referee gave the fight to John, amid the greatest confusion. Jumbo's backers were furious, and swore like troopers at their own luck and at Mr. McCullough for giving the fight to the apparently dead dog. Before Jumbo left the pit, John's backers insisted that his skin should be tested by his handler, for the purpose of ascertaining whether his skin was poisoned or not. This his handler refused to do.

CHARLEY MITCHELL is elated over the prospects of being able to arrange a match with Larry Foley, the Australian champion middle weight, and

In reply to Foley's challenge, published in the Melbourne papers, Mitchell says: "I would say that I am perfectly willing to make a match with him to fight to a finish in the old style, for \$2,500 a side, in accordance with the terms proposed by himself, and when he arrives in America and places a deposit I will immediately cover it and stand ready to sign articles for a match. Should Mr. Foley prefer a glove contest in the modern style, either points or endurance, or both, to count, I will accommodate him in that way, and either for stakes or admission receipts, or both, at his option. I am also ready to meet Prof. Wm. Miller on the same terms and will be pleased to try conclusions with both of them at such time as may be agreeable to them."

ON Feb. 28, the popular Minneapolis Athletic Club gave an athletic and wrestling exhibition at their gymnasium in Minneapolis, Minn. The best features of the exhibition were the double trapeze work of Henry Lawrence and Eugene Day, the brother act of Gus and Con Zanss, the excellent Indian club-juggling act of Prof. Duplessis, and the collar-and-elbow wrestling of Adon Butler and Eddie Duplessis. Butler won two straight falls and the match, but Duplessis did some excellent work, and subsequently the same parties gave an exhibition bout which was won by Butler. The entertainment was brought to a close by an excellent exhibition of sparring between Prof. Duplessis and Hallie Watson, which afforded much amusement to the spectators. Music was furnished by Prof. and Mrs. Schweinberger.

IF Duncan C. Ross is the great wrestler he claims to be, he will have a first-class opportunity to test his ability in a wrestling match with Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler. On March 11, Matsada forwarded the following challenge to Duncan C. Ross, after posting a forfeit of \$100 with Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

To Duncan C. Ross, 171 Ontario street, Cleveland, Ohio: I am prepared to wrestle any man in America, Japanese style, or wrestle a match two falls Japanese and two falls catch-as-catch-can, loss for the final bout, for \$500 a side. Having heard that you are a great wrestler, I challenge you first to make one or two matches. My backer has posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and if you desire to wrestle let me know. If you refuse I am then open to wrestle any one in America.

MATSADA SORAKICHI.

THE race which promises to be the greatest betting event ever known in the United States is the Suburban handicap, to be run at Sheephead Bay on the opening day of the June meeting. The declarations were due on the 20th of February, and out of a total of seventy-four nominations not over twenty have declared out. The secretary of the course, Mr. Laurence, officiated as the handicapper. The pick of the Brooklyn and Rancocas stables all remain in, as do the best of the three-year-olds, with the exception of Mr. George Lorillard's famous racer Louisette, for which 105 lbs is declined. The race is a dash of a mile and a quarter, \$100 each, half forfeit, or only \$25 if declared out by Feb. 23, with \$2,500 added. It will thus be seen that it is one of the richest, if not the richest, stake given in the country, and the great number of famous jumpers engaged in it will give the race a prominence over all turf events thus far announced for the season of 1884.

AT Prof. Wm. C. McClellan's sporting hall, corner of Fifty-third street and First avenue, on March 12, there was an off-hand glove contest between Jim Kelly and Harry Gilmore. Kelly is 5 ft. 8 in. and weighs 150 lbs; Gilmore weighs 145 lbs and stands 5 ft. 7½ in. In the first round Kelly forced matters, punishing Gilmore greatly. They pounded each other over the ring until Kelly knocked Gilmore down by a right-hander on the jaw. Gilmore was dazed, but came to the scratch just as the 3rd had expired. In the second round Gilmore tried to force the contest, but Kelly landed his left heavily on Gilmore's jaw, which staggered him. The next instant the latter sent in a swinging blow on Kelly's neck and knocked him sprawling. Several of the crowd supposed that Kelly was "knocked out," but he managed to come up before the 10th had expired. In the third round Kelly had decidedly the best of it. He punished Gilmore badly about the body. In the fourth round Kelly also had the best of it, and finally knocked Gilmore down by a swinging right-handed blow on the neck. Gilmore got up and was again knocked down. He lay helpless in his corner for 20s, and Kelly was declared the winner. The fight lasted just 1½ min.

IF Thompson, the Cleveland wonder, is eager to arrange a match, and wants to gain wealth and glory, here is an opportunity for him to arrange a match. Tom McAlpine called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on March 13, posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, March 10, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I am prepared to match Harry McHenry Johnson, the colored heavy-weight champion, better known as the Black Star, to box Mervine Thompson, of Cleveland, either 6 rounds or to a finish, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$250 to \$500 a side. The match to take place in Cleveland, Ohio (if Duncan C. Ross will allow expenses), in two, three or four weeks from signing articles. To prove I mean business I have posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox, who shall be final stakeholder. If Thompson means business he will at once cover my money and appoint a day to sign articles of agreement at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

TOM MCALPINE.

Richard K. Fox has received \$100, and if Duncan C. Ross covers it he will have no trouble in ratifying a match, as the backers of the colored heavy weight only mean biz.

THE University of Pennsylvania Boat Club issued a challenge to Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Harvard, Wesleyan, Amherst, Amherst Agricultural, Brown, Trinity, Yale, Union, Hamilton, Columbia, Cornell and Princeton Colleges, two months ago, proposing to row an eight-oared shell race with coxswains, for the championship of American colleges, over any distance, and at any time and place to be decided upon. It was stated that should the challenge not be accepted within sixty days, the University of Pennsylvania would claim the college championship. The only reply to the challenge was received from Harvard University, who proposed to row a substitute eight-oared crew at Cambridge, on account of the engagements of their regular crew. The University of Pennsylvania declined this offer, as it was claimed that nothing would be settled by such a contest, and in their reply, dated Feb. 23, some pointed questions were asked of Harvard regarding their inability to row their regular crew. As this communication has not been responded to, the claim of championship will not be promulgated until a reasonable time has elapsed, or until all proper means are exhausted to bring about a race with Harvard.

ON March 12 the Executive Committee of the National Amateur Athletic Association met at the Knickerbocker Cottage, Sixth avenue, the members present being G. H. Badeau, Williamsburgh Athletic Club; A. Van Tambacht, American; A. H. Curtis, New York; J. W. Edwards, Staten Island, and G. W. Carr, Manhattan Athletic Club. Mr. Badeau presided,

and notified the members that the business of the evening was the consideration of the protest made against L. E. Myers, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, at the games held recently at Madison Square Garden. The Secretary, Mr. Van Tambacht, read the by-law on the subject of protests which provides that they must be referred to a sub-committee for investigation. Mr. Carr objected, urging that the full Board have charge of the matter, but it was finally decided to abide by the rules. The sub-committee nominated consists of Messrs. Van Tambacht, Curtis and Edwards. The executive committee thereupon adjourned, and the sub-committee went into session. Messrs. Badeau and Avery made formal protests, and the committee then adjourned to meet on March 25, before which time the witnesses will be notified to attend. It is understood that evidence will be produced which will make Myers no longer eligible to compete as an amateur.

THE single-scull race between Wallace Ross, of Pittsburg, and George Bubear, the champion of England, was rowed over the Thames champion course, from Putney to Mortlake, on March 10. Ross allowed Bubear 10 seconds' start, and few believed Ross could allow such a handicap in a race 890 yards short of 5 miles. An immense crowd lined both banks of the river from the starting-point to the finishing line, while the contestants were followed by innumerable small craft. The referee gave the word for Bubear to start at 1:15 P. M. The manner in which he started off induced many of his friends to lay even money on him. The betting ruled for the two preceding days 5 to 4 on Ross. The latter made his American-built boat fairly leap out of the water when he was given the word, and rowed with a long, sweeping stroke, rating about twenty-eight to the minute. Abreast the London Boat Club house Bubear was only leading five lengths, and just as Hammersmith was coming into sight Ross rushed to the front. Ross did not expect to be able to gain the start he allowed before 3 miles had been rowed, but he overhauled him a mile and a half from the starting-point, where Bubear was already a thoroughly beaten man and never came near Ross afterward, the latter winning by six lengths, in 25m 10s, with consummate ease. After the race Ross received quite an ovation from his admirers.

THE following well-known sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week: J. P. Delchanty, Jack Dempsey, Harry Force, Matsada Sorakichi, Harry King, Prof. Wm. McClellan, Wash. La Brie, Wm. McCoy, Wm. Moss, Dave Tradel, of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad Telegraph Operators' Association; Charles Norton, Geo. Williams, Wm. J. McConnell, Joe M. Byrne, of London, England; Joe Fowler, Tom McAlpine, Warren H. Lewis, Geo. Lippman, Thos. Meighan, Young Bondoff, Capt. James C. Daly, Roundsman Jas. Quigley, Edward Sweeney, better known as Charley Holmes; S. E. Ryan, of Springfield, Mass.; Michael Myers, Geo. Pierce, John Cosigan, Denny Cosigan, Luke Welsh, El. Haggerty, Geo. H. Sandison, "The Star" Lawrence Hynes, Elvin Bibby, Billy Madden, of Greenpoint, L. I.; Jack McMahers, Hans Rink, Swiss wrestler; Bill Davis, Geo. Young; James Giddings, Peter J. Connors, Gravesend, L. I.; F. B. Field, Jameson, N. Y.; W. L. Field, Bradford, Pa.; A. B. Carpenter, Omaha, Neb.; Frank Cryslar, Johnny Williams, Frank Stevenson, Capt. Reilly, of Brooklyn; Capt. Bresen, J. N. Hutson, Fred. Paddock, Ed. Mullanah, Hjal Stoddard, James H. Wales, *The Judge*; Geo. G. White, "Artist" El. Johnson, Chas. Bay, Jas. J. O'Brien, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. Devereaux, Jr., A. Demarest, A. J. O'Brien, A. J. Rogers, Robert White, of the San Francisco News Company; Chas. P. Dofrane, Messrs. Fredericks and Waldron, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and Murray, of the Williamsburgh Athletic Club.

THE international wrestling match arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office between Edwin Bibby and Matsada Sorakichi, the Japanese champion, was decided at Clarendon Hall, New York, on March 10. According to the articles of agreement, the rival athletes were to wrestle Japanese style. Bibby had defeated the Oriental at catch-as-catch-can style, and this match was arranged to give the Jap a show under rules that he understood. Bibby, however, did not apparently get the hang of the Japanese style, and he was therefore handicapped as badly as Matsada was when he met Bibby at catch-as-catch-can style. Al. Hoeffer seconded and attended Bibby, while Steve O'Donnell attended on the Jap, and Frank Whitaker was referee. About 500 persons were present, and those who paid received the value of their money. The match was a very interesting exhibition, and, on time being called, the Jap leaped to the middle of the stage with the agility of a panther. He raised his right foot as high as he could and then brought it down again with a terrible thwack. Then a similar movement was executed with the left foot. Next he lowered his whole body between his wide-spread feet until he almost sat on the floor. In this comical attitude he remained. Bibby tried to imitate him, but soon tired of it and began to circle around Matsada. Presently the latter made a dash as quick as lightning, and threw Bibby from the middle of the stage half way through the ropes. The Jap turned and threw up his arms in triumph. Bibby could not see the point, however, and rushing at the Jap from behind, put his arms around him. Matsada seized hold of the ropes, shook his head and cried: "No, no." Matsada claimed the fall according to the rules, but the referee, after explaining what he knew about the rules, declared there was no fall. On time being called the Jap rushed at Bibby and butted with his head. Charley Mitchell and Rowell yelled to Bibby to play the same game, and the next instant Bibby butted the Jap square on the nose. Both again and again butted each other, and their heads rushed together with a terrible shock. After several lightning-like passages on the part of the Japanese, first on one and then on the other side of Bibby's head, the latter went sprawling on all fours. The Jap threw up both arms, meaning two falls claimed by him, and made for his corner. Bibby sat down and laughed. In the next bout Bibby was thrown again, face foremost. The Jap took a drink of water. Bibby took a drink from a flask and then sat down and laughed again. Matsada claimed three falls, and was going to leave the stage, but was induced to remain. Bibby had made up his mind to "go for" the Jap in the next round. He tried it. The butting and gripping was so rapid that the eye could not follow it. The backs, necks and arms of both men were as red as blood. After less than half a minute's struggle Bibby was on his hands, but he kept up the battle until the Japanese had him completely down. After that the men took a long rest. In the fifth bout Bibby got his left arm around Matsada's neck, and for a moment held him as in a vise. With his right he then tried to steal a half Nelson grip, but the Japanese was too stiff for him. He broke away and brought Bibby to the dust for the fourth time, and that ended the match.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

At Tom Earley's, in Lagrange street, Boston, on March 6, Mickey Dyer of the West End Athletic Club of Boston, and young McManus of Lowell, faced each other to decide who should take the Earley champion light-weight cup. Recently they met and sparred for the same emblem, but being thought equally clever their meeting was declared a draw. Prof. Bailey seconded Dyer, and Florrie Barnett officiated in like capacity for McManus. Patsy Sheppard being referee and Tom Earley time-keeper. In the first two rounds McManus, by cleverly stopping Dyer's well directed left-handers, and by leading with his own left, had rather the better of it. Dyer was ahead for the first time during the encounter in the third round. His left-hand blow, however, was nearly stopped. McManus did not go back as was expected, but sparred for an opening which he attempted to take advantage of when he saw his chance. He failed to get past Dyer's guard with his left, and Dyer got in one or two left-handers upon his body, which somewhat galled the Lowell man. When time was called, just at the close of a rattling rally, he showed some marks of punishment. He recovered himself to some extent in the last round, but toward the end his blows were weak, his guard was beaten down, and he was more or less punished. The decision of the referee was unanimously approved. Dyer showed plainly that he was in the best trim, but McManus seemed to be in worse condition than usual.

It is quite a custom at Yale College for the under graduates to engage in boxing contests. On March 9 Robert Bradford Williams, a colored student, and Oliver Dyer, Jr., were boxing with soft gloves, when Williams knocked Dyer down by a straight left-hand on the chin. Dyer fell and his head struck the edge of a plank, and his neck and spine were injured. In regard to the affair Walter E. Camp says: "Williams handled Dyer very lightly, and did not knock him down as has been reported. The latter, though a good man, is a careful hitter. They were using soft gloves. Williams struck him a half-dozen left-handers about the face, and then I noticed that his knees began to double under him and he fell backward. He was fainting from excitement. As he was going a left-hand from Williams took him on the chin and sent his head back. He sank to the floor, and as unfortunately as could be, his head struck the edge of the narrow board that forms the boundary of the ring in the gymnasium, with sufficient force to snap his neck." Dyer's injuries are confined to the spine, neck and brain. One side of his head is completely paralyzed, and he is almost constantly unconscious. Dyer is of medium height, twenty four years of age, and weighs about 150 lbs. Robert Bradford Williams, the colored student who was boxing with Dyer at the time of the accident, is a native of Savannah, twenty-three years old, weighs a few pounds more than Dyer, and is at least 2 in taller. He studied for Yale at Williston, and intends to study law when he finishes his academic course. He is now a junior.

Two well-known pugilists, Bill Halford, of Nottingham, England, and Dick Collier, of Birmingham, sought to get off a regular bare-knuckle fight, in the first-named place, recently, but the authorities stopped the contest. All being ready, the fight was proceeded with, and in the first round Halford, after some dodging, let off on Collier's right eye, which afterward presented a very ugly appearance. The Nottingham man was instructed to force the pace, and in the next two bouts he appeared to have been all over his opponent, nearly, in fact, knocking him out. But Collier too: his gruel coolly, and, pulling himself together, landed a terrific blow with the left on Halford's jaw. In so doing his arm was seen to fall, and subsequently he complained that his wrist felt very queer. The effect of the blow told its tale on Halford, who however, responded to the call of "Time" and who, but for the unexpected appearance of the "men of blue cloth," might have outstayed his antagonist. So quickly did the police come upon the scene that before the principals could get away they were in their clutches and remained in them until safely deposited in the dock at the County Hall. Later in the day the three prisoners were arraigned before the Justices. Collier told the magistrates his left wrist was broken and that his right was injured, but he alleged that both injuries were sustained after the fight. The Bench remanded the prisoners. Both men enjoy a wide reputation in England, although Collier had not previously figured in the "magic circle" with the rav'uns. He was very quick and clever with the gloves, and his friends, having gauged tolerably well the capabilities of Halford, were anxious that he should oppose him. Halford fought a drawn battle with Pick Emmerson, of Hull, below Haveringham, on the banks of the river Trent, about three years ago. In this encounter both men were severely punished, and had not a police officer come on the scene it was the general impression that three or four more rounds would have settled the Hull representative. The battle thus far had lasted 17 min.

TO ADVERTISERS!

WOODVILLE, R. I., March 12, 1884.

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